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The Columbian.

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LAURA, MY DARLING.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

LAURA, my darling, the roses have blushed
At the kiss of the dew, and our chamber is hushed;
Our murmuring babe to your bosom has clung,
And hears in his slumber the song that you sung;
I watch you asleep, with your arms round him thrown,
Your links of dark tresses wound in with his own,
And the wife is as dear as the gentle young bride
Of the hour when you first, darling, came to my side.

Laura, my darling, our sail down the stream
Of Youth's Summers and Winters has been like a dream;
Years have but rounded your womanly grace,
And added their spell to the light of your face;
Your soul is the same as though part were not given
To the two, like yourself, sent to bless me from Heaven—
Dear life, springing forth from the life of my life,
To draw you more near, darling, mother, and wife.

Laura, my darling, there's hazel-eyed Fred,
Asleep in his own tiny cot by the bed,
And little King Arthur, whose curls have the art
Of winding their tendrils so close round my heart—
Yet fairer than either, and dearer than both,
Is the true one who gave me in girlhood her troth;
For we, when we mated for evil and good—
What were we, darling, but babes in the wood?

Laura, my darling, the years which have flown
Brought few of the prizes I pledged to my own.
I said that no sorrow should roughen her way—
Her life should be cloudless, a long Summer's day.
Shadow and sunshine, thistles and flowers,
Which of the two, darling, most have been ours?
Yet to-night, by the smile on your lips, I can see
You are dreaming of me, darling, dreaming of me.

Laura, my darling, the stars that we knew
In our youth are still shining as tender and true:
The midnight is sounding its slumberous bell,
And I come to the one who has loved me so well.
Wake, darling, wake, for my vigil is done:
What shall dissever our lives which are one?
Say, while the rose listens under her breath,
"Naught until death, darling, naught until death!"

—*Galaxy.*

A CONDENSED NOVEL.

BY W-LK-E C-LL-NS.

PROLOGUE.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Times* of the seventeenth of June, 1845:

WANTED.—A few young men for light genteel employment.
Address J. W., P. O.

In the same paper of same date, in another column:

TO LET.—That commodious and elegant family mansion No. 27 Limehouse Road, Pultneyville, will be rented low to a respectable tenant if applied for immediately, the family being about to remove to the Continent.

Under the local intelligence in another column:

MISSING.—An unknown elderly gentleman a week ago left his lodgings in the Kent Road, since which nothing has been heard of him. He left no trace of his identity except a portmanteau containing a couple of shirts marked "29, ward."

To find the connection between the mysterious disappearance of the elderly gentleman and the anonymous communication; the relevancy of both these incidents to the letting of a commodious family mansion; and the dead secret involved in the three occurrences, is the task of the writer of this history.

A slim young man with spectacles, a large hat, drab gaiters, and note-book, sat late that night with a copy of the *Times* before him, and a pencil which he rattled nervously between his teeth in the coffee-room of the "Blue Dragon."

CHAPTER I.

MARY JONES'S NARRATIVE.

I AM upper housemaid to the family that live at No. 27 Limehouse Road, Pultneyville. I have been requested by Mr. Wilky Collings, which I takes the liberty of here stating is a gentleman born and bred, and has some consideration for the feelings of servants and is not above rewarding them for their trouble which is more than you can say for some who asks questions and get short answers enough, gracious knows, to tell what I know about them. I have been requested to tell my story in my own langwidge, though why, being no schollard, mind cannot conceive. I think master is a brute. Do not know that he has ever attempted to poison my missus—which is too good for him, and how she ever came to marry him, heart only can tell—but believe him to be capable of any such hatrosity. Have heard him swear dreadful because of not having his shaving water at nine o'clock precisely. Do not know whether he ever forged a will or tried to get my missus's property although not having confidence in the man, should not be surprised if he had done so. Believe that there was always something mysterious in his conduct. Remember distinctly how the family left home to go abroad. Was putting up my back hair, last Saturday morning, when I heard a ring. Says cook, "That's missus's bell, and mind you hurry or the master 'ill know why." Says I, "Humbly thanking you, mem, but taking advice of them as is competent to give it, I'll take my time." Found missus dressing herself and master growling as usual. Says missus, quite calm and easy like, "Mary, we begin to pack to-day." "What for, mem," says I taken aback. "What's that hussy asking?" says master from the bed clothes quite savage like. "For the Continent—Italy," says missus—"can you go, Mary?" Her voice was quite gentle and saintlike, but I knew the struggle it cost and says I, "With *you*, mem, to India's torrid clime, if required, but with African Gorillas," says I, looking towards the bed, "never." "Leave the room," says master, starting up and catching of his bootjack. "Why, Charles," says missus, "how you talk," affecting surprise. "Do go, Mary," says she, slipping a half-crown into my hand. I left the room scorning to take notice of the odious wretch's conduct.

Cannot say whether my master and missus were ever legally married. What with the dreadful state of morals now-a-days and them stories in the circulating libraries, innocent girls don't know into what society they might be obliged to take situations. Never saw missus's marriage certificate, though I have quite accidental-like looked in her desk when open, and would have seen it. Do not know of any lovers missus might have had. Believe she had a liking for John Thomas, footman, for she was always spiteful-like—poor lady—when we were together—though there was nothing between us, as Cook well knows, and dare not deny, and missus needn't have been jealous. Have never seen arsenic or Prussian acid in any of the private drawers—but have seen paregoric and camphor. One of my master's friends was Count Moscow, a Russian papist—which I detested.

CHAPTER II.

THE SLIM YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

I AM by profession a reporter, and writer for the press. I live at Pultneyville. I have always had a passion for the marvellous, and have been distinguished for my facility in tracing out mysteries and solving enigmatical occurrences. On the night of the seventeenth June, 1845, I left my office and walked homeward. The night was bright and starlight. I was revolving in my mind the words of a singular item I had just read in the *Times*. I had reached the darkest portion of the road, and found myself mechanically repeating: "An elderly gentleman a week ago left his lodgings on the Kent Road," when suddenly, I heard a step behind me.

I turned quickly, with an expression of horror in my face, and by the light of the newly risen moon beheld an elderly gentleman, with green cotton umbrella, approaching me. His hair, which was snow-white, was parted over a broad, open forehead. The expression of his face, which was slightly flushed, was that of amiability verging almost upon imbecility. There was a strange, inquiring look about the widely-opened, mild blue eye—a look that might have been intensified to insanity, or modified to idiocy. As he passed me, he paused and partly turned his face, with a gesture of inquiry. I see him still, his white locks blowing in the evening breeze, his hat a little on the back of his head, and his figure painted in relief against the dark blue sky.

Suddenly he turned his mild eye full upon me. A weak, irresolute smile played about his thin lips. In a voice which had something of the tremulousness of age and the self-satisfied chuckle of imbecility in it, he asked, pointing to the rising moon, "Why?—Hush!"

He had dodged behind me, appeared to be looking anxiously down the road. I could feel his aged frame shaking with terror as he laid his thin hands on my shoulders and faced me in the direction of the supposed danger.

"Hush! did you not hear them coming?"

I listened; there was no sound but the soughing of the roadside trees in the evening wind. I endeavored to reassure him, with such success that in a few moments the old weak smile appeared on his benevolent face.

"Why?—" But the look of interrogation was succeeded by a hopeless blankness.

"Why!" I repeated with assuring accents.

"Why," he said, a gleam of intelligence suddenly flickering over his face, "is yonder moon, as she sails in the blue empyrean, casting a flood of light over hill and dale, like—Why," he repeated, with a feeble smile, "is yonder moon, as she sails in the blue empyrean—" He hesitated—stammered and gazed at me hopelessly, with tears dripping from his moist and widely opened eyes.

I took his hand kindly in my own. "Casting a shadow o'er hill and dale," I repeated quietly, leading him up the subject, "like—Come, now."

"Ah!" he said, pressing my hand tremulously, "you know it?"

"I do. Why is it like—the—eh—the commodious mansion on the Limehouse Road?"

A blank stare only followed. He shook his head sadly.

"Like the young men wanted for a light, genteel employment?"

He wagged his feeble old head cunningly.

"Or, Mr. Ward," I said with bold confidence, "like the mysterious disappearance from the Kent Road."

The moment was full of suspense. He did not seem to hear me. Suddenly he turned.

"Ha!"

I darted forward. But he had vanished in the darkness.

CHAPTER III.

NO. 27 LIMEHOUSE ROAD.

It was a hot midsummer evening. Limehouse Road was deserted save by dust and a few rattling butchers' carts, and the bell of the muffin and crumpet man. A commodious mansion which stood on the right of the road as you enter Pultneyville surrounded by stately poplars and a high fence surmounted by a *chevaux de frise* of broken glass, looked to the passing and footsore pedestrian like the genius of seclusion and solitude. A bill announcing in the usual terms that the house was to let hung from the bell at the servants' entrance.

As the shades of evening closed, and the long shadows of the poplars stretched across the road, a man carrying a small kettle stopped and gazed, first at the bill and then at the house. When he had reached the corner of the fence, he again stopped and looked cautiously up and down the road. Apparently satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he deliberately sat himself down in the dark shadow of the fence, and at once busied himself in some employment, so well concealed as to be invisible to the gaze of passers-by. At the end of an hour he retired cautiously.

But not altogether unseen. A slim young man, with the spectacles and note-book, stepped from behind a tree as the retreating figure of the intruder was lost in the twilight, and transferred from the fence to his note-book the freshly stencilled inscription: "S—T—1860—X."

CHAPTER IV.

COUNT MOSCOW'S NARRATIVE.

I am a foreigner. Observe! To be a foreigner in England is to be mysterious, suspicious, intriguing. M. Collins has requested the history of my complicity with certain occurrences. It is nothing—bah—absolutely nothing.

I write with ease and fluency. Why should I not write? Tra la la! I am what you English call corpulent. Ha, ha! I am a pupil of Macchiavelli. I find it much better to disbelieve everything, and to approach my subject and wishes circuitously than in a direct manner. You have observed that playful animal, the cat. Call it, and it does not come to you directly, but rubs itself against all the furniture in the room, and reaches you finally—and scratches. Ah, ha! scratches! I am of the feline species. People call me a villain—bah! I know the family living No. 27 Limehouse Road. I respect the gentleman—a fine, burly specimen of your Englishman—and madame, charming, ravishing, delightful. When it became known to me that they designed to let their delightful residence, and visit foreign shores, I at once called upon them. I kissed the hand of madame. I embraced the great Englishman. Madame blushed slightly. The great Englishman shook my hand like a mastiff.

I began in that dexterous, insinuating manner of which I am truly proud. I thought madame was ill. Ah—no. A change, then, was all that was required. I sat down at the piano and sang. In a few minutes madame retired. I was alone with my friend.

Seizing his hand, I began with every demonstration of courteous sympathy. I do not repeat my words, for my intention was conveyed more in accent, emphasis, and manner than speech. I hinted to him that he had another wife living. I suggested that this was balanced—ha!—by his wife's lover. That, possibly, he wished to fly—hence the letting of his delightful mansion. That he regularly and systematically beat his wife in the English manner, and that she repeatedly deceived him. I talked of hope, of consolation, of remedy. I carelessly produced a bottle of strychnine and a small vial of stramonium from my pocket, and enlarged on the efficiency of drugs. His face, which had gradually become convulsed, suddenly became fixed with a frightful expression. He started to his feet, and roared: "You d—d Frenchman!"

I instantly changed my tactics, and endeavored to embrace him. He kicked me twice, violently. I begged permission to kiss madame's hand. He replied by throwing me down stairs.

I am in bed with my head bound up, and beefsteaks upon my eyes, but still confident and buoyant. I have not lost faith in Macchiavelli. Tra, la, la! as they sing in the opera. I kiss everybody's hands.

CHAPTER V.

DR. DIGGS'S STATEMENT.

My name is David Diggs. I am a surgeon living at No. 9 Tottenham Court. On the fifteenth of June, 1854, I was called to see an elderly gentleman lodging on the Kent Road. Found him highly excited, with strong febrile symptoms, pulse one hundred and twenty, increasing. Repeated incoherently what I judged to be the popular form of a conundrum. On closer examination found acute hydrocephalus and both lobes of the brain rapidly filling with water. In consultation with an eminent phrenologist, it was further discovered that all the organs were more or less obliterated except that of Comparison. Hence the patient was enabled to only distinguish the most common points of resemblance between objects, without drawing upon other faculties such as Ideality or Language for assistance. Later in the day found him sinking—being evidently unable to carry the most ordinary conundrum to a successful issue. Exhibited Tinct. Val., Ext. Opii., and Camphor, and prescribed quiet and emollients. On the seventeenth the patient was missing.

CHAPTER LAST.

STATEMENT OF THE PUBLISHER.

On the eighteenth of June, Mr. Wilkie Collins left a roll of manuscript with us for publication, without title or direction, since which time he has not been heard from. In spite of the care of the proof-readers, and valuable literary assistance, it is feared that the continuity of the story has been destroyed by some accidental misplacing of chapters during its process. How and what chapters are so misplaced, the publisher leaves to an indulgent public to discover.

A TRAVELLER wishes to know what sense there is just now in the term "Railroad Securities," seeing there is no security on any of the railroads.

HATS AND BONNETS.

IT has sometimes happened that genius, by a phrase only meant for poetry, makes a prophecy, and in this way gunpowder, the steam-engine, and the mariner's compass are said to have been anticipated. Time works the miracle, and causes the event to correspond with the guess. Even now there is a certain hyperbole becoming a fact. Did the lady who first called her bonnet "a duck" ever imagine that a season would approach when milliners would go as near a duck as possible when composing a head-gear? Far be it from us to question any de[illegible]e the taste of the sex offers for our [illegible]ration. We can only stand by and wonder. In these bonnets are revealed to us the strange mystery of the female notion of attire. Here they have full swing. In dress the fall has necessitated a few restraints which, however irksome, must be borne, but touching bonnets nothing is imposed. And so their variety is infinite, and their name legion. We turn back to the portraits of our great-grandmothers, or to their fashion-books, and find that a "coal-scuttle" was the rage. Historians and essayists who will describe for you the private views of Cornelius a Lapide, or Julius Cæsar, might find it difficult to account for the matrimonial success of those great-grandmothers; for, reading by our light, can we comprehend a man falling in love with a woman whose appearance was ridiculously suggestive of Wallsend? Of course our age has improved in this respect, and when *Le Follet* for June, 1866, is disinterred by a curious twentieth-century writer, he will find therein a legacy of designs worthy of us.

We would not be taken in with "coal-scuttles." We like flowers growing naturally from the human hair, or a small platter of straw laid on the summit of the head. An inverted soup-plate is considered a graceful coiffure, and a lace-rimmed oyster-shell is worn as a sweet thing. We have, to quote *Le Follet*, the "Trouville," the "Biarritz," the "Clarisse," and the "Mandarin." You wear a "green butterfly with silver wings" on your Mandarin. It is necessary this butterfly should be green. The "Clarrisse" has a scarf of gauze round the crown, fastened under a large rosette of gauze trimmed with feathers from the throat of the peacock. See how particular we are as to details, almost as much so as the German dramatist who noted in his play, "Here is to heard the sound of a *red* coat brushing." Anglers are not more precise in their hackles than ladies in the ornaments of the bonnet. A few weeks since Mr. Tupper warned us of a robin-famine, in consequence of the red-breast being sacrificed at the shrine of fashion.

Last year sea-gulls were in danger of extermination, to judge by the run upon their wings. No lady's hat was perfect without a wing, and we believe it was this poor fowl that furnished the decoration. Can it be that the custom is just a relic of the savage state, and owes its origin to an idea connected with that which induces the dandies of the Feejee Islands to wear trinkets of sharks' teeth and the tibias of departed relatives, while the ladies of the same district cover their heads with feathers, after first steeping them in grease? We dress our feathers; they have them *au naturel*. But have they anything resembling the "Tarte" or the "Fanchon?" The "Tarte" is a real love, not bigger than a saucer, and constructed identically of the same shape as that useful article. "La Tarte" is much sought after. It serves no vulgar purpose, though, such as protecting the head. Wreaths of tiny blossoms garnish "La Tarte," and long, floating strings depend from it. The hair must be carefully got up to set off "La Tarte." A recent traveller mentions a tribe in which the chiefs twisted their hair into helmets, and, if we advance as we are, there is nothing to prevent the ladies from twisting the hair into bonnets. The chignon is a step in that direction, the first Darwinian development. This fashion would have the merit of economy, hair being more lasting than straw or tulle.

At present the bonnet is not a bonnet. Four years ago it commenced to diminish—the sides disappeared first, then the front; last year the back went, and now the top is about to depart. We suspect the "Mandarin" is the last we shall see of it; and what a change from the straw tunnel in which a lady's face once resided to the paltry thatch from under which it now smiles at us! One was a substantial house, the other a mere cottage *ornée*. There is a singular circumstance to be remarked here. How general the quantity of hair is, how perfect the plaiting, and how universally the ladies are able to meet the exigencies of a custom which would appear to be more or less dependent on natural advantages. They seem never short of hair, to use a common phrase. They can even have it what color they wish, and Mr. Tupper's robins were unfortunate in possessing waistcoats which matched the prevailing hue. The bonnets play but a secondary part after all. The "Mandarin" only presides over a chignon. A kind of poultice or bandelette of lace, as we should write, just protects this sacred bump. Unfeeling persons suspect the bump to be stuffed with cotton. At the bottom of it we have seen fruit sprouting. It is the substitute for the poll of the bonnet, and is Grecian. The ladies are assured that the chignon is of classic origin, and taking this notion into their heads, they cannot have enough of it. How can we charge them with frivolity or caprice in dress, when they go for a fashion to the immortal statues of old Athens? Certainly the statues had their heads neatly dressed, and considering that the sculptor seldom embarrassed the rest of the figure with any superfluous draping, it is to be assumed he did his best with the hair. If this classic principle is carried out, we may find it open to a few objections. Say that the bonnets vanish, that the Mandarin and his family are discarded, what next, and next? The coal-scuttle, we understand, was in vogue when blushing was known, but that art or infirmity being now obsolete, or being rendered a permanent attraction, we dispense with the coal-scuttle.

To do things altogether as they did in Greece would scarcely suit. We confess we do not witness the complete extinction of the bonnet without a misgiving and a regret. "La Tarte" does not console us, and the "Mandarin" is an inefficient substitute. It will take some time before we are reconciled to "Le Caprice." Not that we are heretical enough to question the propriety of even a "Mandarin." In those matters, as we said before, the ladies should have absolute authority and control. Only we should warn them not to be surprised at the remarks which the innovations give occasion to. In the commencement of this season the sex took to what, for want of a better name, we shall term zebra dresses. We beheld our wives and daughters covered with stripes, and streaked down even as the wild asses of the desert. Now we have grown accustomed to their streakiness. So we may yet be charmed with the "Lamballe" or with the "Trouville," "having the borders raised at the side edged with velvet, worked with beads or straw, and trimmed with feathers." The black box which is worn on the head wherever the English language is spoken, shows how stupid gentlemen are at inventing a hat. The conservative protection which keeps up the hideous gear indicates how we should encourage a spirit of ingenuity among ladies, who might otherwise relapse in the dismal sameness from which we suffer. But we respectfully, with deference, and merely as outsiders, would proffer a word for the bonnet proper. Is our climate as dry and warm as that of Paris? Are we as successful in dressing up to the "Lamballe," in harmonizing cloak, mantle, shawl, or whatever it may be, to the pitch of the hair, as the French? These be grave considerations. Shall it be the bonnet or "Clarisse?" It strikes our uninstructed minds as a misnomer to call a basin of crape a bonnet, and yet it is a bonnet according to *Le Follet*, and belongs to the genus "Fanchon."

The hats are to the bonnets as a crocodile to an alligator, or as the proverbial negro named after the Roman Emperor to the other negro. We have mentioned them indiscriminately. Both are gauzy and floral. Fashion, however, should not imitate Heliogabulus, and require peacocks, red-breasts, and kingfishers to grace her dainty dishes. Who suffers for the flowers we need not detail; the manufacture of artificial flowers is not a pleasant subject, but a lady will have them all the same. One consequence of the mode is, that bonnets have to be renewed almost as often as gloves. That fact, however, suggests a reflection so obviously mean and unworthy that we shall not dwell upon it; we should not complain of what gives us an opportunity of repeating the chiefest privilege of a British father. Paying for a bonnet should be a pleasure, and we have no doubt it is; we trust, though, that the "Mandarin" the "Lamballe," and "La Tarte" are only temporary, and that a bonnet will not become so diminutive as to puzzle a very Owen of millinery, who might be asked to construct one from a future "Fanchon."

A SAGACIOUS DOG.

A PARIS correspondent of the London *Standard* gives the following anecdote of Brusca, a dog which has acquired a notoriety in the Court of the Tuileries: You have doubtless read the amusing and witty letter written by Marshal Vaillant in defence of the canine law. The Marshal is very fond of dogs, and he is the happy possessor of one whose intelligence many men would be happy to share. I allude to Brusco, the intimate friend of Nero, the Emperor's own dog. *Le Nord* gives some interesting details of the little animal whose portrait by Jardin attracted so much attention at the last year's exhibition. Brusca was found on the field of battle at Solferino. His master, an Austrian officer, had been killed that day, and the poor dog was found howling by the side of his dead body. Some French soldiers, touched by the sight of his evident grief, carried him away in their arms, and brought him to the major-general of the army, Marshal Vaillant. The Marshal accepted the gift, and brought him with him to Paris. At first Brusca, having been educated in Germany, had great difficulty in understanding French; indeed, unless he was spoken to in German, he walked off and turned his tail to the speaker with an air of utter disgust. However, he has now acquired the language, and were ten Austrian regiments between him and his present master, all their Teutonic sounds would not prevent his reaching the Marshal. Whenever he goes to Court, Brusca goes likewise; whether the Emperor himself be in his way or not is nothing to him; Brusca would quietly walk over the imperial boots to secure a snug seat near the Marshal. He attends Cabinet Councils with the utmost regularity. This Winter Brusca was immensely bored by the length of the discussion, and sneezed and coughed as usual when he considers that the Council has sat long enough; but on this special occasion his impatience rose to a loud whine, which, producing no effect upon the Ministers, he walked straight up to the Emperor and scratched his trowsers. His Majesty, annoyed at being interrupted, pushed the dog away, and said: "*Est-il bete, ce chien!*" "*Bete?*" said the Marshal, indignantly; "no, Sire, he is not stupid—you shall see." The Minister rose, took a newspaper off the table, and going to the far end of the Council Chamber, said: "Brusca, take that to the Emperor." Each of the Ministers, as he passed them with the paper in his mouth, tried to get it from him. Brusca would not let it go, and carried it safely to his Majesty. From that time to this Brusca has his *entree* at all Cabinet Councils. He keeps himself beautifully clean, and when his paws are muddy he carries a brush, left for his special use in one spot, to one of the Marshal's servants, and barks at him until he brushes off every particle of dust.

MARSHAL BENEDEK.

A WRITER in *Le Nord* gives a long sketch of Marshal Benedek's career, but we confine our extract to the portion relating to his present command: It may be said that he was nominated to the head of the army by acclamation; his appointment was, in fact, imposed on the Government by public opinion. The Marshal bears the most popular name in Austria; and he has gained that popularity less by his strategical talents than his adventurous bravery. Hitherto he has only been a brilliant general of the advance guard; it remains to be seen whether, in a new post, he will display the qualities required by the chief command of a great army in the face of the enemy. He is about sixty-two years old, but looks younger. At a sitting of the Reichsrath I examined him at leisure with a good glass. His countenance is one of those which are never forgotten. Two things in it strike you particularly—the eye and the moustache. The look is that of command; under thick lashes sparkle two black eyes full of vivacity. He would be no soldier were he not to attend carefully to his moustache; he wears it waxed in the Hungarian fashion and hooked at the ends. His face, embrowned by the Italian sun, has become longer than it was; thin whiskers, turning to gray, form a sort of frame, and an aequiline nose imparts to his features a character of great vigor. The Marshal is rather short than tall, and rather thin than stout. For a man of his age there is a wonderful suppleness in his movements, which are rapid and full of vigor. The *ensemble* of his person is not exactly seducing for those who are not partial to the military carriage; but he commands, if not sympathy, at least attention. Besides, to be correctly estimated, he should be seen in a picture with another background—not the benches of a Parliamentary assembly—but on horseback, and in the midst of the smoke of battles.

THE HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE Cincinnati *Times* has recently compiled some curious statistics concerning the health of American women between twenty and forty years of age. A table is given, founded upon the returns of burials of males and females between these ages in forty-five cemeteries situated in Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, the places of burial having been selected with due regard to their representative character. The figures from this table are: Males, eight hundred and six; of females, twelve hundred and eighty nine—showing that, at least in the West, fifty per cent. more women than men die between the ages of twenty and forty. The *Times* makes still further deductions, as follows:

First. That in the oldest yards of the country, in which the first settlers buried their dead, the number of the sexes who died between twenty and forty years of age was the most nearly equal, in many cases the males outnumbering the females, while in the new yards at the same places the females greatly outnumber the males.

Second. That in private or select yards, where the upper classes bury exclusively, the female dead during this period of life is greatly in excess of the males.

Third. That in yards where the foreigners chiefly bury their dead the males usually exceed the females between those ages.

DISCOVERY OF COAL IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A WRITER in the New York *Observer* asserts that Col. George Shoemaker, a gentleman of Teutonic origin, was the discoverer of Pennsylvania coal. He lived on the Schuylkill and owned extensive tracts. The writer goes on to say:

"It chanced one day that in constructing a limekiln he used some of the *black stones* that were lying about the place. '*Mine Got! mine Got! dere stones pe all on fire!*' exclaimed the astonished Dutchman, when the rich glow of the ignited anthracite met his gaze. The neighbors, who, of course, were few and far between, were after much ado assembled to witness the marvel. This happened in 1812. Shortly after, mine host loaded a Pennsylvania team with the *black stones*, and journeyed slowly to Philadelphia, a distance of ninety-three miles. There unforeseen difficulties were presented. The grates and stoves then in use were not constructed to facilitate the combustion of an thracite, and burn it would not! After many ineffectual efforts to ignite the product, it was thrown aside as worthless, and our discomfited German, who had beguiled his toilsome way to the metropolis with dreams of ingots, returned to digest his disappointment in his mountain solitude."

BEACH-MARKS IN FRANCE.

AN important work is now in progress in France, viz., the levelling and establishing of beach-marks throughout the country. The object of this undertaking is to furnish a series of levels that will enable the course of canals, railways, etc., systems of drainage and irrigation, and other public and private works, to be laid down on the map and marked out on the ground without error. The operations were begun in 1857, under the control of the Minister of Public Works, and will be terminated in five or six years hence. The work has been since the beginning under the superintendence of M. Bourdalone, civil engineer, to whom is due the series of levels taken from the Isthmus of Suez from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The datum line of the levels in France is the usual sea level; the beach-marks established on the ground consist of cones of cast iron, set in masonry on the spot where the levels are required to be noted, and a great number of these have been placed in lines of level which touch seaport towns, groups of rivers and canals, lines of railway, roads, etc. More than eighteen thousand linear miles have been thus laid down as base-lines; but, in order to complete the work, the operations must be extended to one hundred and twenty thousand miles, a length equal to five times the circumference of the earth, and more than half of our distance from the moon. This gigantic undertaking is very costly, but, when once completed, it will enable every engineer or contractor, who may wish to attach a series of levels in any part of France with those of the remotest districts, to do this by the aid of a beach-mark on the spot, or near at hand, for the maximum space between the levels is to be only three quarters of a mile. The accuracy of these levels is such that they are true to three centimetres, or half inch for the whole length throughout France.

THE ART OF DUNNING.

THE art of dunning is not reckoned among the fine or polite arts. Indeed, there are no rules on this subject, as each case must be tried by itself, the success of various expedients being very much "as you light upon chaps." At times, a lucky accident brings the money out of a slow debtor, after the manner following:

One of our merchants, nervous and irritable, received a letter from a customer in the country, begging for more time. Turning to one of his counting-clerks, he says:

"Write to this man immediately."

"Yes, sir. What shall I say?"

The merchant was pacing the office, and repeated the order.

"Write to him at once."

"Certainly, sir; and what do you wish me to say?"

The merchant was impatient, and broke out:

"Something or nothing, and that very quick."

The clerk waited for no further orders, but consulting his own judgment, wrote and dispatched the letter. By the return of mail came a letter from the delinquent customer, inclosing the money in full of the account. The merchant's eyes glistened when he opened it; and hastening to his desk, he said to the clerk:

"What sort of a letter did you write to this man? Here is the money in full."

"I wrote just what you told me to, sir. The letter is copied into the book."

The letter-book was consulted, and there it stood, short and sweet, and right to the point:

"DEAR SIR,—Something or nothing; and that very quick. Yours, &c.,
———."

And this letter brought the money, when a more elaborate dun would have failed of the happy effect.

HOW TO BECOME UNHAPPY.

IN the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and of your own things. Don't care about anybody else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy, but rather if you see a smiling face be jealous, lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy all who are better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly toward them. Be constantly afraid lest some should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near you, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it be not worth a pin; for your "rights" are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.

The Columbian.

GEORGE H. MOORE, EDITOR.

BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

MERCUR ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

At the late session of Congress, on the eighteenth of January, Ulysses Mercur voted for the following bill, which passed the House and went to the Senate. We quote from M'Pherson's "Manual," pp. 114 and 115. It is entitled "A Bill extending the right of suffrage in the District of Columbia:"

Be it enacted, etc., That from all laws and parts of laws prescribing the qualifications of electors for any office in the District of Columbia the word "white" be, and the same is hereby, stricken out; and that from and after the passage of this act no person shall be disqualified from voting at any election held in the said District on account of color.

SEC. 2. That all acts of Congress and all laws of the State of Maryland in force in said district, and all ordinances of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, inconsistent with this act, are hereby repealed and annulled.

Mercur stands upon the records of the yeas and nays in favor of this odious bill, which was not passed through the Senate, because it was ascertained the President would veto it, and that a two-thirds vote to override the veto could not be obtained.

The following official communication to Congress from the Mayor of Washington will show the outrageous character of the proposition and the contempt manifested by its passage through the House for the interests and opinions of the people of Washington:

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL,
January 6, 1866.

Hon. L. F. S. Foster, President of the Senate of the United States:

SIR,—I have the honor, in compliance with an act of the Councils of the city approved December sixteenth, 1865, to transmit through you to the Senate of the United States the result of an election held on Thursday, twenty-first December, 1865, "to ascertain the opinion of the people of Washington on the question of negro suffrage, at which the vote was 6,626, segregated as follows:

Against Negro Suffrage	6,591
For Negro Suffrage	35
Majority against Negro Suffrage	6,556

This vote, the largest with two exceptions, ever polled in this city, conclusively shows the unanimity of sentiment of the people of Washington in opposition to the extension of the right of suffrage to that class; and that its integrity may be properly appreciated by the Senate, I give the aggregate of the vote cast at the five elections immediately preceding for Mayor:

1858	5,840
1859	6,813
1860	6,075
1862	4,816
1864	5,720

No others in addition to this minority of thirty-five are to be found in this community who favor the extension of the right of suffrage to the class and in the manner proposed excepting those who have already memorialized the Senate in its favor, and who, with but little association, less sympathy, and no community of interest or affinity with the citizens of Washington, receive here from the General Government temporary employment, and having at the National Capital a residence limited only to the duration of a Presidential term, claim and invariably exercise the elective franchise elsewhere.

The people of this city, claiming an independence of thought and the right to express it, have thus given a grave and deliberate utterance, in an unexaggerated way, to their opinion and feelings on this subject.

This unparalleled unanimity of sentiment which pervades all classes of this community in opposition to the extension of the right of suffrage to that class engenders an earnest hope that Congress, in according to this expression of their wishes the respect and consideration they would as individual members yield to those whom they immediately represent, would abstain from the exercise of its absolute power, and so avert an impending future apparently so objectionable to those over whom, by the fundamental law of the land, they have exclusive jurisdiction.

With much respect, I am, sir, your own and the Senate's obedient servant,
RICHARD WALLACH, Mayor.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

DELEGATES to this body will be chosen in the several districts in this county on Saturday, August twenty-fifth, and the Convention will meet on Monday, the twenty-seventh, for the nomination of county and district candidates.

We refer to this Convention, because the COLUMBIAN is to be a thorough newspaper, and fully up to the times. Those subjects which interest the community in which it circulates will be handled by it with freedom and fairness, and from that advantageous point of view which it holds as an independent journal. Not being the slave of faction it can afford to be just, and frank, and manly in its treatment of political movements and of public men. It is a sorry thing for a newspaper to be compelled to overpraise or to abuse candidates for the gratification of party malignity or the promotion of party interests; and of one thing our readers may be certain, that when popular nominations are under consideration, candidates are likely to get much less than justice from their opponents. Defects will be painted in the blackest characters; the history of their lives will be explored for matter of censure; their conduct will be scrutinized with a jealous eye; and selfish, corrupt, or scandalous motives will be freely imputed to them. We dare say that many men whose claims are now being canvassed before the public are much better than they are represented to be by their rivals.

The following persons have been announced as candidates before the Convention:

For Senator—PETER ENT, of Scott; LEVI L. TATE, of Bloom; and JAMES S. M'NINCH, of Catawissa. The Senatorial District is composed of the Counties of Sullivan, Columbia, Montour, and Northumberland. In the District Conference, which will be held to effect a final confirmation, each county will be entitled to two conferees. Northumberland has already selected hers.

For Assembly—The nomination is conceded to Montour County, and Captain THOMAS CHALFANT, of the Danville *Intelligencer*, is spoken of as the probable candidate. Editors seem to be favorites in this Representative District, as Colonel Tate, of the late *Columbia Democrat*, and W. H. Jacoby, of the late *Star of the North*, have in recent years been selected.

For Associate Judges—No less than eight candidates are named, although but two are to be selected. Six reside north and two south of the river. They are as follows: IRAM DERR, of Jackson; E. G. RICKETTS, of Orange; ANDREW FREAS, of Centre; JACOB EVANS, of Greenwood, THOMAS J. HUTCHISON, of Fishing Creek; RICHARD FRUIT, of Madison; STEPHEN BALDY, of Catawissa; and PETER K. HERBEIN, of Locust. One candidate no doubt will be selected from each side of the river.

For Prothonotary and Clerk of the several Courts.—The only candidate named so far is JESSE COLEMAN, of Orange, the present incumbent.

For Register of Wills and Recorder of Deeds—JOHN G. FREEZE, of Bloom, and SAMUEL NEYHARD, of Centre. Colonel Freeze has held the office one term.

For County Commissioner—SAMUEL R. KLINE and MONTGOMERY COLE, both of Sugarloaf.

We have here fifteen gentlemen upon the list of candidates, from whom six are to be selected for nomination to the several offices mentioned.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have only to say to our friends in Bradford and Montour that there is as much mystery in the acts and objects of those connected with the COLUMBIAN as there is about the question of who makes the appointments of Assistant Revenue Assessor? We know that in a legal point of view Mr. Clark has the right to appoint, but if he has referred you to others, and others have referred you to him, you must find out for yourselves. We act independent of the entire concern.—*Democrat and Star.*

What perplexity the editors and their correspondents are in! If we were only furnished with the names of these correspondents it would delight us to relieve their minds from all distressing anxieties. But how foolish in them to waste time in consulting the *Democrat and Star* for information. Who would ever expect them to penetrate a mystery. It was hardly necessary for our contemporary to assure their correspondents that "we act independent of the entire concern." This was a fact patent to everybody who had ever seen copies of the two papers. In their literary character, in their mechanical execution, and in everything that goes to make up a newspaper, the contrast is so striking as to preclude the idea that the two *concerns* have any connection whatever. But it seems that our contemporary imagines there is a mystery about the question of who makes the appointments of Assistant Revenue Assessors. This is new to us. We had thought the law clear and explicit, so does the *Democrat and Star*, and to relieve the Assessor from all doubt on the question they proceed to inform him that in a *legal point* of view he has the right to appoint.

If this be true, the editors are entitled to the Assessor's thanks. All men are said to love power and patronage, and of course Mr. Clark is not so unlike other men as to turn his back upon it. But unfortunately, "in a legal point of view," the Assistant Assessors are appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury. At least the act of Congress gives the appointment of these officers to him exclusively, and confers no power in that respect upon the Assessor. We should say, then, "in a legal point of view," the appointment of Assistant Assessors was with Secretary M'Culloch, notwithstanding our high respect for the legal acumen of the Junior of the *Democrat and Star*. Would it not be well for the conductors of that journal, especially when applied to for information, before proceeding to enlighten their correspondents, and the public generally, on a question like this, to give to the act of of Congress a cursory perusal at least. In this connection we affirm that one of two things must be true. Either the editors of the *Democrat and Star* never read the act of Congress providing for the appointment of Assistant Assessors, or, having read it, were too stupid to understand it. And in either case we would advise Assessors generally to look elsewhere for advice in the conduct of their offices.

THE CONGRESSIONAL QUESTION.

ULYSSES MERCUR is announced in Radical circles for re-election, and he will be urged upon the people of this district for their support, in spite of the record he has made for himself at the late session of Congress, and of his position of open hostility to the President. In fact, these things will recommend him to the Disunionists and small leaders of Radicalism who would sink into insignificance with the restoration of union, harmony, and prosperity to the country. Such men thrive upon discord, turbulence, agitation, and sectional passion, but decline to their native unimportance in times of peace and prosperity, when the laws are in regular action, and when men are valued according to their merits, and not according to their pretensions. To them the President's policy of restoration is distasteful and intolerable, for it destroys their profitable trade of agitation, and leaves them feeble and contemptible.

Why not name a *Union* man to represent the freemen of this district? What interest have they to be promoted by continual disputes in the country, or by an unjust warfare upon the President? Let these questions be answered before support is asked for one who has been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

DISPATCHES received by the Mexican Consul in San Francisco give glowing accounts of the reception of President Juarez in Chihuahua.

THE CANDIDATES BEFORE THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

IN another column we have given a list of candidates on the Democratic side of the house, and now propose to briefly sketch them for our readers.

There is much interest manifested in the Senatorial nomination. To complicate the matter one or two candidates have appeared in Montour.

Mr. Ent, of this county, served some years since as a Representative for two sessions, we believe with credit to himself as a man of integrity and firmness. He is a man of much energy, and as such has incurred some opposition from men who were formerly opposed by him in nominating Conventions.

Colonel Tate has claims upon our respectful consideration as a veteran member of the editorial fraternity, having been connected with the press of this county for about a quarter of a century. He served as a Representative at the session of 1862, and his nomination is now pressed on the ground of past party service, and his being disengaged from active employment.

Mr. McNinch is a merchant in the ancient town of Catawissa, which has in recent years taken a fresh start in improvement. Our advertising columns will show that he is a business man, and understands the art of success. He has twice been elected County Treasurer, and discharged the duties of the office with credit and to the satisfaction of the public.

Two of the candidates are not speaking men, not having been trained to the practice of debate. Probably the editor of the late *Columbia Democrat* may plume himself on his superiority over them as a speaker, but he should not submit his pretensions on this score to the editor of the *Columbia County Republican;* he must not rely upon this point. Critics are numerous and uncharitable; and we suggest his safe plan would be to get the editor aforesaid to abuse him into a nomination, as he did on a former occasion. It is no doubt true that opposition is sometimes more advantageous than support.

Of the candidates for Associate Judge we must speak briefly because of their number. Mr. Evans, of Greenwood, is a reputable gentleman, who formerly served a term as Associate Judge. Mr. Hutchison, of Fishing Creek, has had long service as a Justice of the Peace; and Iram Derr, of Jackson, has been twice Sheriff of this county, and once County Commissioner. Mr. Ricketts, of Orange, has been a merchant, a business man, and though active in politics, has not been a nominee for office within the past twenty years. We believe he was once a candidate for Assembly, when circumstances of a local character prevented his election. Mr. Richard Fruit, of Madison, the next man on the list, has recently returned to the county from a residence of some years in Montour. He is a gentleman of reputation and social address, but has not been active in politics beyond his own neighborhood since he served as a conferee at the nomination of Valentine Best for the Senate. Mr. Freas, of Centre, is a man of much energy, a skilfull farmer, ardent and active in his friendships and enmities, and once served as County Commissioner. South of the river Judge Baldy, of Catawissa, and Esquire Herbein, of Locust, contest the nomination. The Judge is a veteran in politics, and is a man most determined and persevering in the pursuit of his objects. He has served several terms as Associate Judge. His competitor is represented to have local popularity and fair merits as a citizen and officer.

For Prothonotary, Mr. Coleman, late of Orange, is without a competitor, and his renomination will be in accordance with usage regarding the office he now holds.

For Register and Recorder Colonel Freeze is named for re-election with a like claim of usage in his behalf, in connection with conceded capacity. He has recently been subjected to severe domestic affliction, which has kept him from a personal participation in the canvass. Mr. Neyhard, of Centre, his opponent, is an intelligent surveyor, a farmer, and an acting Justice of the Peace.

Messrs Kline and Cole, the candidates for nomination to the office of Commissioner, both reside in Sugarloaf. The one was formerly a Justice of the Peace, and the other is now. We are not advised as to their respective merits, but should be inclined to prefer whichever one is selected by the people instead of the Commissioner's Clerk.

We have endeavored to speak accurately and not unkindly of the several persons whose claims are being canvassed preparatory to the nominations. Whether opposing candidates will be set up by nomination, or volunteers appear on the field of contest remains to be seen. In a county so strongly fixed in its political character, the chances of course are strongly in favor of the Convention candidates, whoever they may be; but 'tis an old saying, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." We shall hope, however, in the interests of the public, that the best men will be selected.

LARGE numbers of Southern gentlemen, delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, are daily arriving. They represent a good state of feeling in the South, and a general anxiety that the Philadelphia Convention shall be the means of bringing the two sections to a better understanding of each other. The Southern delegates all express a disposition to go into the Convention solely for the purpose of harmonizing the conflicting elements in the country. They have no demands to make, and are ready to accept any reasonable platform having any claims to nationality in its character. They expect an unqualified endorsement of the policy hitherto pursued by the President, and will be satisfied should nothing else be adopted.

JUDGE LOVELACE, of the Supreme Bench of Missouri, died in his residence in Danville, Missouri, on Saturday last.

GENERAL PRESS DISPATCHES.

THE New Orleans delegation here are highly pleased with General Sheridan's course in regard to the late riots. They feel confident that had Sheridan been in the city when the disturbance did occur there would have been an outbreak. They express perfect willingness to leave the whole matter to his arbitration.

A. P. Gorman of Maryland, for four years past Postmaster of the Senate, has been removed from that position and discharged by Sergeant-at-Arms Brown. Gorman has been for fifteen years connected with the Senate in one capacity and another. Lately dissatisfaction has been expressed at his course by certain Radical Senators clamorous for his removal. It was charged that he went after Senator Dixon to vote on the Civil Rights Bill, and that all along he has been friendly to the President. Creswell charges that he has been working in Maryland against him. Finally Creswell, backed by Chandler, Howe, and Howard, threatened Brown that if Gorman was not immediately removed they would have him, Brown, removed at the next session. Fearing t threat, Brown dismissed him on Thursday last. A successor has not yet been named.

Brigadier General W. A. Nichols has been assigned to duty as chief of staff to Gen. Sherman.

Charles O'Conor is still here endeavoring to secure the release of Jeff Davis on bail or parole. He has met with but little encouragement as yet.

The Union Central Committee of Virginia, meet to-night at Alexandria to perfect the organization of the Radical party to prepare the way for the selection of delegates to the September convention, and to make appointments for speakers, who are to visit the States North at the solicitation of Loyal Leagues and Union organizations.

Governor Humphry of Mississippi reports to General Howard that the Insane Asylum of that State is so crowded that he is daily compelled to refuse admission to white citizens, and is therefore unable to provide for the imbecile blacks. The reverses of the war, subsequent to the bankruptcy of the people and present sufferings for food and clothing, are thought to be the reasons for this increase of idocy.

A letter received last Monday by the President from a very influential and wealthy citizen of Louisiana, after a general review of the late riots and the causes thereof, contains the following paragraph. "The present Constitution of this State has some features in it which we would be glad to be rid of, but we have formally and legally adopted this instrument as our organic law, and we will stand by it until another Constitution shall be adopted by our citizens, in a legal and constitutional manner." Such is the universal sentiment of the substantial and respectable men of the State.

The Secretary of the Treasury has directed that hereafter in all cases where a person is appointed Collector or Assessor of Internal Revenue, he shall take office on the first day of the succeeding month after his commission is delivered to him. This rule is made to prevent any disturbance of the practice of making regular monthly statements of accounts.

Brigadier-General William A. Nichols, Assistant Adjutant-General in the War Department, is named as Lieutenant-General Sherman's Chief of Staff.

The following named officers have been temporarily detailed for duty on the staff of Major-General Hooker Commanding the Department of the East: Brevet Colonel R. H. Jackson, Captain First United States Artillery, as Acting Assistant Inspector-General; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Loomis L. Langdon, Captain First United States Artillery, as acting Judge-Advocate.

In the bill passed at the last session of Congress, authorizing the payment of additional bounty, the seamen who rendered such good service seem to have been overlooked entirely. The Fourth Auditor receives daily a very large number of letters from sailors, who suppose, with reason, that the act granting additional bounty applies to them as well as to the soldiers. The only reply that can be made to them is that nothing can be done toward equalizing the bounties received by them under this act of Congress.

In a recent case in which all the parts of two iron steamers were constructed in Glasgow, and there put together, and again taken to pieces and the sections imported into Galveston and duties levied upon the parts so imported at that place, it was decided by the Secretary of the Treasury that the collection of the duties constituted the section of the steamers American property, and that marine papers may be issued to such vessels when again rebuilt in this country.

A few days ago the President forwarded through the Post-Office to William F. Johnston, well known throughout the country as an ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, a commission as Collector of the Port of Philadelphia. By the collusion of the Postmaster at Philadelphia this letter was delivered to an unknown person named William F. Johnston, of Philadelphia, who saw fit, doubtless under inspiration from the Philadelphia Postmaster, D. D. Forney, and others, to write a highly insulting reply to the President declining the office. The iniquity of the business is apparent. There could be no mistake in the address of the letter, and if there were this person knew when he opened it that it was not intended for him, but for ex-Governor Johnston. Forney appears in the *Press* with a copy of this fellow's insulting letter to the President, which, for insolence and consummate wickedness, eclipses the famous Jamison scarlet letter. In the same connection Mr. Thomas, now holding the office of Collector, at Philadelphia, appears in print with a letter disputing the right of the Executive to remove him during the recess of Congress, and intimating a purpose to hold on to the office at all hazards. Doubtless he will soon be brought to his senses, as a new commission has been forwarded to ex-Governor Johnston, which will probably reach its destination with no further interference. A full investigation has been ordered into the circumstances attending the delivery of the former epistle to this man Johnson, and probably the Postmaster who permitted such flagrant tampering with official correspondence, and conspired to effect it, as he unquestionably did, will lose his office in consequence.

A CAVALRY BATTLE.

THE following graphic account of a street fight between Prussians and Austrians is calculated to strengthen the impression that it is not merely in the needle-gun that the Prussians have the advantage over their Austrian rivals. It is from a correspondent of the London *Times*: "The monotony of the march was relieved by a spirited cavalry skirmish in the little town of Saar, which is about six miles to the west of Neustadt. Last night the Austrian hussars of the regiment of Hesse-Cassel held Saar. The Prussian cavalry was to proceed to-day to Gammy, about a mile in front of Saar, and the Eleventh Regiment of Uhlans formed its advance guard on the march. The Austrians intended to march to-day to the rear toward Brunn, and the hussars were actually assembling for parade previous to the march when the first patrols of the Prussian Uhlans came rattling into the town.

"In the market-place an exciting scene at once began. The celebrated cavalry of Austria was being attacked by the rather depreciated horsemen of Prussia, and the lance, the "queen of weapons," as its admirers love to term it, was being engaged in real battle against the sword. The first Prussian soldiers who rode into the town were very few in number, and they could not attack before some more came up. This delay of a few minutes gave the hussars a short time to hurry together from other parts of the town, and by the time the Uhlans received their reinforcements the Austrians were nearly formed.

"As soon as their supports came up the lancers formed a line across the street, advanced a few yards at a walk, then trotted a short distance, their horses' feet pattering on the stones, the men's swords jingling, their accoutrements rattling, and their lances borne upright, with the black and white flag streaming over their heads; but when near the opening into the broader street, which is called Market-place, a short, sharp word of command, a quick, stern note from the trumpet, the lance points came down and were sticking out in front of the horse's shoulders, the horses broke into a steady gallop, and the lance flags fluttered rapidly from the motion through the air, as the horsemen, with bridle hands low and bodies bent forward, lightly gripped the staves, and drove the points straight to the front.

"But when the Prussians began to gallop the Austrians were also in motion. With a looser formation and a greater speed they came on, their blue pelisses, trimmed with fur and embroidered with yellow, flowing freely from the left shoulders, leaving their sword arms disencumbered. Their heads well up carried the single eagle's feather in every cap straight in the air; their swords were raised, bright and sharp, ready to strike as their wiry little horses, pressed tight by the knees of the riders, came bounding along, and dashed against the Prussian ranks if they would leap over the points of the lances.

"The Uhlans swayed heavily under the shock of the collision, but recovering again, pressed through only at a walk. In front of them were mounted men, striking with their swords, parrying the lance thrusts, but unable to reach the lancer; but the ground was also covered with men and horses, struggling together to rise; loose lines were galloping away; dismounted hussars, in their blue uniforms and long boots, were hurrying off to try to catch loose horses, or to avoid lance points. The Uhlan line appeared unbroken, but the hussars were almost dispersed. They had dashed up against the firmer Prussian ranks and they had recoiled, shivered, scattered, and broken as a wave is broken that dashes against a cliff. In the few moments that the ranks were locked together it seemed that the horsemen were so closely jammed against each other that lance or sword was hardly used. The hussars escaped the points in rushing in, but their speed took them so close to the lancers' breasts that they had not even room to use their swords. Then the Prussians, stouter and taller men, mounted on heavier horses, mostly bred from English sires, pressed hard on the light frames and smaller horses of the hussars, and by mere weight and physical strength bore them back and forced them from their seats to the ground, or sometimes, so rude was the shock, sent horse and man bounding backward, to come down with a clatter on the pavement.

"The few Austrians who remained mounted, fought for a short time to stop the Prussian advance, but they could make no impression on the lancers. Wherever a hussar made a dash to close three points bristled couched against his chest or his horse's breast, for the Austrians were now in inferior numbers in the streets to the Prussians, and the narrowness of the way would not allow them to retire for their reserve to charge. So the Prussians pressed steadily forward in an unvulnerable line, and the Austrians, impotent to stop them, had to fall back before them. Before they had gone far through the town, fighting this irregular combat, more Prussian cavalry came up behind the Uhlans, and the Austians began to draw off. The lancers pushed after them, but the hussars got away, and at the end of the town the pursuit ceased. One officer, and twenty-two non-commissioned officers and privates taken prisoners, with nearly forty captured horses, fell into the hands of the Uhlans as the trophies of this skirmish. Some of the prisoners are wounded, a few hussars killed, and two or three Prussians were left dead upon the ground."

UNFOLDING OF THE PLOT.

A PAPER was circulated in this city yesterday evening, purporting to be a proclamation of Governor Wells ordering elections to be held in certain parishes to fill vacancies in the convention of 1864.

We suppose it to be a genuine document, although it purports to be signed "under my hand, at the city of New Orleans, this twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1866," when the Governor is known not to be within many miles of this place. It also wants the attestation of the Secretary of State, who has, we learn, refused to countersign it or attach the seal of the State, as is customary, if not material, to the paper.

Not one of the State officers, we believe, elected at the same time as Governor Wells, and on the same ticket, forming with him the State administration, agrees with him in these extraordinary proceedings.

The paper was, however, doubtless issued by the Governor, and is in that respect a genuine production; but it is one he has not a shadow of authority for issuing, and is of no more legal force than it would be if it had been issued by any other person, in or out of the State.

It has been demonstrated, over and over again, that the convention of 1864 has no legal existence in 1866. It expired by the conclusion of its labor and the adoption of the constitution it made. It attempted to prolong its own existence by providing that it might be reconvoked by the presiding officer.

This authority to convoke the defunct body was in itself a usurpation; but it was a conditional authority, vested in a particular person, to be exercised in a single event, and there was no provision made for the intervention of the Governor at all. That person was the President of the convention, and that event the failure of the people to ratify the constitution. The President of the convention was directed to call it together if the constitution was rejected. It was only in that event that the provision to fill vacancies should come into force in that way. "Then and in that case" he (the President of the convention) might call on the proper officers to cause elections to be held. The case never occurred; the constitution was ratified; the President of the convention decides the body to be constitutionally extinct; and the pretended authority, which was a usurpation, lapses by its own terms, and leaves not a vestige of title or authority anywhere, or in anybody, to fill vacancies in the body alive or dead.

Nevertheless Governor Wells has issued this paper, ordering and commanding elections to be held to fill the vacancies which the very authority he recites declares are only to be filled in the event that the constitution should be rejected.

It is the plainest possible case of the use of a power which those who bestowed it had no right to give, for a purpose different from that to which they expressly limited it, and in a manner entirely different from that which they prescribed.

The Governor bases his proclamation on the report of Judge Howell, as President pro tem. of the convention, when Judge Howell, only represents a small majority, which irregularly excluded the true President—if there be a President at all—and is a mere pretender to authority, without the support of more than a fourth of a quorum of the body he affects to speak for, but which the Governor accepts as the sovereign authority of the State in perpetual session.

The proclamation does not call elections to fill vacancies in the convention as it existed when it adjourned in 1864, but to bring in new members to the number fifty-one, from parishes which were not represented in that convention at all. There is no notice taken of vacancies which have occurred among the members actually chosen and taking part in its proceedings.

The real fact we suppose to be that a majority of the surviving members of the convention is not to be had in support of the executive and his partisans, and that it is designed to bring in by the new elections, in which it is thought that no citizen of the State, not in the Governor's clique, can consistently take part, enough to get a majority who will sanction everything done, however irregular, and depend on the executive and a partisan judiciary, which is in confederacy with him, to overthrow a unanimous Legislature, all the State officers elected by the people, and impose a new government on a disfranchised people.

How this revolutionary scheme is to be met and baffled peaceably, and within the terms of the law, is a subject for the most serious consideration of the people of the State. That there are means we cannot doubt, nor can we doubt that these will be taken with a deliberation befitting the gravity of the occasion, and carried through with the firmness which such high duties, in such emergencies, require of patriotic citizens.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

AN IRON-BREAKER.

LOCKED up in a cell in the Henrico County jail, in Virginia, is a man named Chastian Hampton, who has been sent on by the justice in a charge of horse-stealing. Hampton was fastened to the floor with an iron anklet, chain, and ring, but in some mysterious way he smashed the anklet as if it was only a woman's garter. He was ironed again with the same results as before; and so for seven times in success did this thing happen to the great bewilderment of the blacksmith who made them, who swears by hammer and anvil that Hampton must be the ——. No tools have been found in the cell by which the smashing could be done, unless they were concealed in his clothes, which we believe have not been searched. The Clerk of the Court, as soon as Hampton is left to himself, can hear the sound of his work in casting off his irons, which, by the way, it appears he does in derision of his keepers, and not with any view of making his escape.

NAPOLEON UNDOING THE WORK OF HIS UNCLE.

THE emancipation of Venice is a grand event. A Bonaparte, be it acknowledged freely, has been a prime mover in undoing one of the worst political crimes which history records against the great founders of his house. The handing over of Venice to Austria stains the first Napoleon as much as the partition of Poland darkens the renown of Frederick the Great. Since the Congress of Vienna settled it on Austria, it has clung around her neck worse than a dead weight—a perpetual irritation and danger. Blood has been shed to maintain that heritage of evil enough to flood the great Place of St. Mark and the Doges of the painters and poets. Great hearts have uselessly broken in the effort to tear from Austria that which she gives up to-day. Splendid intellects have worn themselves out in the same futile struggle; patriots whose purity and genius might have glorified a nation have died in prison and in exile for that cause—in vain. The courage of the soldier, the intellect of the statesman, the wiles of the conspirator, have for generations been wanted to gain that end which the world hears with amazement has been so suddenly conceded to-day. Manin and Cavour and D'Azeglio should have died hereafter—they should have lived to see this great step achieved in the independence and unity of that Italian race for whom they dared and suffered so much. So far as this great boon has been obtained for Italy by the intervention of the Emperor of the French, we are not disposed to share the fears of those who dread that its acceptance may involve some compensating sacrifices. We do not look for the development of any such sinister designs. The part taken by the Emperor of the French is, we trust and believe, but the fulfilment of his pledge that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic. Whatever territorial questions may have to be settled between him and others, we do not believe it possible that an attempt will be made to induce an Italian ministry to barter away a rood of Italian soil. If this be so, the future of Italy grows at once calm and bright. The dangers and difficulties which chiefly beset her disappear as suddenly as the clouds sometimes lift from the sides of one of her own Alps. Her strife with Austria over, her sole cause of foreign dispute away, she may set herself firmly and faithfully to the accomplishment of the task of domestic consolidation and improvement from which hitherto she has been so much distracted. She may reduce to the most modest proportions her huge army, stop her work in naval armaments, apply herself with all her heart to the repair of her shattered finances and the full development of her splendid resources. Nor, indeed, does Austria gain much less than Italy in losing Venetia. But for that ill-omened bequest, the Emperor Francis Joseph would not now have to see his place in Europe threatened, his ancestral leadership in Germany gone. Over the cession of Venice, come as it may, all Europe has cause to be glad. Of the other events which are to accompany this great change, it will be time enough to judge as they arise. Thus far Europe stands like Shakspeare's "Henry V." at Agincourt, and scarcely knows if war be done or no.—*London Star, July 6.*

DESPERADOES.

WE learn from Thomas T. Brown, of Washington County, who was in town last week, that on Saturday, the second instant, a man arrived in Fayetteville in the stage and informed the sheriff and two other persons that there were four men, who would be in town shortly from Missouri, who had killed an old man, robbed a store and a grocery, and that he had raised a company and pursed them, but failing to overtake them he had taken the stage and came on ahead. Pretty soon the four men rode into town, got off their horses, hitched them, and one went into the store of Mr. Stone and the three others went into a grocery to take a drink. Before they had time to take a drink the sheriff, the clerk of the court, Mr. Wing, postmaster, and Colonel Gunter went into the grocery to arrest them. Mr. Wing said to them, "Gentlemen, you may consider yourselves prisoners." With that one of the men called out to the others to "shuck themselves," and with that each of them drew two revolvers and commenced firing. Mr. Wing, the postmaster, was shot dead, and the man who came in pursuit was shot under the chin, in the throat, and he died in a few minutes, and Colonel Gunter was shot in the arm, shattering the bone. The three men retreated out of the door, still firing as they went out; and by this time the citizens had collected to arrest the desperadoes, but as they were armed, and most of the citizens were not, they all made their escape. A posse of men immediately started in pursuit of them. They found one of the men sitting leaning against a tree, having been shot through the abdomen. The party told him they would bring him an ambulance and take him to town, but when they returned they found him dead, he having cut his throat and stabbed himself in several places. The other three men were heard of in the neighborhood of Elm Spring, one being badly wounded in the knees. Our informant did not state who shot these desperadoes, but we presume some of the party must have been alarmed and fired on them, or perhaps some of the citizens fired as they were retreating. Colonel Gunter's arm is shattered above the elbow, and, it is thought, will have to be amputated.

GENERAL POPE and staff arrived at Fort Union, New Mexico, on the fifth instant, and left for Santa Fe and Alburquerque.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

WILLIAM L. MADDOCK & Co., dealers in fine groceries, No. 115 South Third Street (opposite the Girard Bank), Philadelphia.

CAPTAIN C. B. BROCKWAY gives special attention to the collection of the back-pay, bounties, pensions, and other claims due to soldiers, their widows and families. His large experience and his uniform success in doubtful cases are his highest recommendation and the best encouragement claimants can have to engage his services. The claim he cannot prosecute successfully it is useless to put into the hands of another.

IT is edifying to observe the affectionate manner in which P. John, of the *Republican*, praises his neighbors of the *Democrat and Star* upon their political conduct. He slaps them on the shoulder, and bids them proceed as good boys in their efforts to consolidate the Radical ranks, and help his friend Mercur. If the "high contracting parties" can win in their little game, who knows but some fine day another fat office may turn up for P. John. If so, he should certainly share the profits with his generous assistants.

THE *Democrat and Star*, the new Mercur organ, is concerned about the selection of Mr. Clark's deputies in the district. Mercur may lose several serviceable supporters now in office by salutary changes, and hence the deep concern of the *Democrat and Star*. If it only dared to hoist the name of the Negro Suffrage, Anti-Johnson candidate at the head of its columns it would simplify matters very much. As it is, it must do its work for Mercur and P. John indirectly by blowing a very Radical trumpet against any possible union of conservative men to defeat the former, and by endeavoring to sow as much of distrust and jealousy as possible in the public mind concerning all movements or changes which may operate to his injury.

THE *Republican* of last week stated as a fact that Copperheads were applying for Assistant-Assessorships in this district, and that Mr. Clark was forwarding their petitions to Washington. We are informed by the Assessor that this statement of the *Republican* is absolutely false. So far as he has information no Democrat, or Copperhead if you please, has made application for place under him, and no petitions have been forwarded to Washington by him. The same paper of this week states that persons from Montour and Bradford Counties have been in town soliciting Deputy-Assessorships of Mr. Clark, and were by him referred to Mr. Buckalew. This statement we are also authorized to pronounce an inexcusable lie. How beautifully this editor illustrates and enforces the idea that some men prefer falsehood to truth! The public are beginning to understand this, and will govern themselves accordingly.

THE BLOOMSBURG POST-OFFICE.—The Radical Postmaster at this place, having ascertained that he is to be removed, has written the insolent letter which we give below to the Postmaster-General. He risks nothing, because his fate is already fixed; but he attempts to improve the occasion to play the part of a disinterested patriot. It is the case of the Assessorship over again. When the office can no longer be held the incumbent pretends to care nothing about it, and vaunts his own independence. All at once the grapes are very sour:

POST-OFFICE, BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
August 7, 1866.

Hon. A. W. Randall:

SIR,—I have just received your call for the Philadelphia Convention, under the frank of Senator Cowan, and I hasten to reply.

I most heartily approve of said call, and for the following reason, viz: it will place all such renegades as Cowan and yourself in the ranks of the Copper-Rebel Democracy, and so fully show up your baseness and treachery to your friends and your country as to render you powerless for harm.

I hold the best post-office in Columbia County. It is at your disposal. My political principles and doctrines belong to myself. Respectfully, etc.,

D. A. BECKLEY, Postmaster.

We think very likely that the circular for the Philadelphia Convention has been in his hands for some time, although he pretends to have just received it.

WITHIN a few days we have seen a letter from a gentleman of standing in Bradford County, detailing an open conversation with Mercur about his prospects of re-election. Mercur is delighted with the *Democrat and Star*, of this place, which has been for some time so obviously edited in his interests. Its denunciations of Johnson men generally; its flings at Senator Buckalew, who had John removed, and beat him (Mercur) upon Clark's confirmation; its foolish articles about the Philadelphia Convention; and its frantic protests against any concert of action with men who cannot swear altogether by Vallandigham and Fernando Wood—all these things convey comfort and encouragement to his breast. Undoubtedly the sweetest reading he has had since the downfall of Dr. John is the *Democrat and Star*. He begins to hope he may get back to Congress to vote against Andrew Johnson and for suffrage to our "colored brethren" throughout the whole country. He knows that his only chance must be created by jealousies, divisions, and disputes among men opposed to him in opinion; for a clear majority of the freemen of the district are for the President's saving policy of restoration, and against polluting the ballot-box by negro suffrage. Hence his satisfaction with the reputed organ of the Democracy of this county, and his expression of belief that there can be no sufficient concentration of votes to defeat him. But we believe he is making calculations which will not be realized. The people of this district will not be foolish enough to elect him a second time to misrepresent them in Congress.

GARDNER, HEMMINGS, AND CO.'s Circus, combined with Van Amburgh and Co.'s Menagerie, will exhibit here on the twenty-third instant. It is a superior exhibition.

IN the Providence of God he [Andrew Johnson] has been elevated to the Presidency. In his effort to complete the noble work so auspiciuously begun by his predecessor, the ever-lamented Lincoln, he should have the support of loyal men everywhere. Our motto is *trust him, have faith in him—stand by him* in his high and holy work.—*Columbia County Republican, February 8, 1866.*

BREVET PROMOTIONS.—The following brevet promotions in the volunteer service, of officers of merit in this section have recently been made: "Colonel Wellington H. Ent, of the Sixth Regiment Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps, to be Brevet Brigadier-General, to date from March thirteenth, 1865, for gallant conduct at the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, and Bethesda Church, Virginia; Major Chester K. Hughes, One Hundred and Forty-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (of Cambra, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania), two grades of promotion, viz: Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel for meritorious services, and for wounds received at Gettysburg and Cold Harbor; Captain Samuel Waters, Company A, Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves, to be Major; First-Lieutenant Albion B. Jamison, same company and regiment, to be Captain; Second-Lieutenant Harrison J. Conner, of the same company and regiment, to be First-Lieutenant. The above promotions were well earned and justly conferred. In the case of Colonel Ent we beg to suggest a fact which entitles him to an additional brevet. When the Rebellion burst upon us and President Lincoln made his first call for soldiers Colonel Ent, then recently admitted to the Bar, and still in the office of his preceptor, was the first man in this county to take the proper steps to respond to that call, and how effectually he labored was soon seen in the organization of the Iron Guards. However gallantly he may have fought, or however skillfully he may have commanded, he has done nothing in connection with the late war which entitles him to more credit than the fact we have referred to.

DIED.

In Bloomsburg, on the third instant, Hope, only son of Josh G. and Maggie W. Freeze, aged six years, three months, and one day.

In Jackson, on the twenty-second ultimo, Mrs. Delila McHenry, aged twenty years, nine months, and twenty-two days.

In the same place, on the twenty-sixth ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth Kester, aged seventy-five years, six months, and twenty days.

In Benton, on the first day of August, Richard Corbin, son of Richard and Amanda Stiles, aged three months and twenty days.

Market Report.

Wheat per bushel	$2 25
Rye "	1 20
Corn "	1 00
Flour per barrel	15 00
Cloverseed	5 00
Flaxseed	2 25
Butter	30
Eggs	20
Tallow	14
Potatoes	1 50
Dried Apples	3 00
" "	16
Hams	25
Sides and Shoulders	16
Lard per pound	25
Hay per ton	15 00

Grand Jurors—September Term, 1866.

Borough Berwick—Hudson Owen.
Beaver—Daniel Singley.
Benton—Hiram F. Everett.
Bloom—Benjamin F. Hartman.
Catawissa—Walter Lashell, Benjamin Miller.
Centre—Samuel Bower, Jackson Knorr.
Fishingercek—Cyrus White, John Drescher, John Zimer.
Franklin—Washington Parr, George W. Fenstermacher.
Greenwood—William A. Kline, Jacob K. Berlin.
Hemlock—John Kistler.
Main—William Swisher, Daniel Fisher.
Mifflin—Samuel Andrews.
Montour—Philip Heimbach.
Pine—William Karschner.
Roaringcreek—Philip Cool.
Sugarloaf—Jacob H. Fritz.
Scott—Daniel Mellick.

Traverse Jurors.

Beaver—Peter Knecht, Samuel Johnson.
Benton—Samuel M'Henry.
Bloom—Peter Billmeyer, Henry Giger.
Briarcreek—Absolom Bomboy, Emmer Deitterich.
Catawissa—Benjamin Barns.
Centre—George R. Hess, Emmit Alkman, Philip Creasy, Joseph P. Conner.
Conyngham—Stephen Monaghan, William Snyder, Samuel Leiby.
Fishingercek—John P. Creasy.
Franklin—Daniel Zarr, William Rohrbach.
Greenwood—Edward Henry, Elisha Hayman, Samuel Bogart.
Hemlock—Reuben Bomboy, Samuel Brugler.
Jackson—Frederick Wile.
Madison—Henry C. Mills, John Zeisloft.
Mifflin—Albert C. Millard, Horace Schweppenhiser, Jonas Hartzel, Isaac Snyder.
Mount Pleasant—Eri Ikeler.
Scott—William White.
Sugarloaf—Joshua Fritz.

List of Causes for Trial.

1. Stephen Baldy vs. the Catawissa, Williamsport, and Erie Railroad Company.
2. William L. Lance vs. Thomas Creveling.
3. Jacob Harris vs. Peter Jacoby.
4. Andrew J. Snyder vs. John Sheatler.
5. Jacob Shuman vs. Christian Wolf.
6. Jacob Shuman vs. Jacob Hartzel.
7. A. S. Saul vs. Benjamin Wintersteen.
8. Samuel Henry vs. Jacob Hosler, William Klinetob, and Gideon Hosler, late doing business in the name of Hosler & Co.
9. Jacob Shuman vs. the Catawissa Railroad Company.
10. George A. Herring vs. Peter Miller.
11. Edward Heilner vs. the Locust Mountain Coal and Iron Company, *et. al.*
12. J. P. Hackenberg, for the use of M. Chamberlin, vs. Silas D. Edgar.
13. John Hunterliter vs. John Jameson.
14. Jacob Beasley vs. Catawissa Railroad Company.
15. William A. Case, *et. al.*, vs. the Township of Centre.
16. William Lamon vs. Peter Hayman.
17. William Lamon vs. John Vanpelt.
18. Henry F. Ent vs. Borough of Berwick.
19. Abraham B. Swisher vs. Samuel Rimby.
20. J. F. Anspach, *et. al.*, vs. William P. Ryon.
21. Eli Jones vs. Miles C. Abbott, *et. al.*
22. John Jameson vs. Joseph R. Jamieson.
23. Greenwood Township vs. Samuel Bogart.
24. Sylvester J. Faux vs. Isaac White.
25. Sylvester J. Faux vs. Isaac White.
26. Christian Knapp vs. the School District of Bloom.
27. Hosler and Wife vs. Schlussler and Wife.
28. Wright Hughes vs. Peter Miller.
29. David Larish vs. Mount Pleasant Township.
30. Sylvester J. Faux vs. Isaac White.
31. John O. Dildine, *et. al.*, vs. Parvin Masters.
32. Jonathan Knittle vs. Wright Hughes.
33. Mary E. Green vs. Isaac White.
34. Michael Casey vs. Franklin Taylor, *et. al.*
35. James Barry vs. Robert Gerrell.
36. John Laverne vs. Barney M'Brearty.
37. Peter Kutshher, *et. al.*, vs. Daniel Krum's administrators.
38. Solomon Seyfiard vs. the township of Centre

William H. Abbott,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.

M. E. Jackson,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Pa.

M. M. Traugh,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Near American Hotel.

M. M. L'Velle,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Centralia, Columbia County, Pa.

E. H. Little,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, in white frame house, below the Exchange Hotel.

Robert F. Clark,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office corner of Main and Market Streets, over First National Bank.

John G. Freeze,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House.

Wesley Wirt,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of *venditioni exponas*, to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas in the County of Columbia, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on MONDAY, THE 3d DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following real estate, to wit:
All that certain piece or tract of land situate in Sugarloaf Township, Columbia County, containing one hundred acres more or less, about sixty acres of which is cleared land, bounded and described as follows, to wit: on the north and east by lands of Cedrad Hess, on the south by lands of Samuel Hess, and on the west by lands of Benjamin Peterman, whereon are erected a one-story plank dwelling-house, a log stable, with the appurtenances.
Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of WILLIAM J. HESS.
aug11-tf SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.

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The subscriber has just returned from the cities with another large and select assortment of
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purchased in New York and Philadelphia at the lowest figure, and which he is determined to sell on as moderate terms as can be procured elsewhere in Bloomsburg. His stock comprises
LADIES' DRESS GOODS
of the choicest styles and latest fashions, together with a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, consisting of the following articles:
Carpets, Oil Cloths, Cloths, Cassimeres, Shawls, Flannels, Silks, White Goods, Linens, Hoop Skirts, Muslins, Hollowware, Cedarware Queensware, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hoop Nets, Umbrellas, Looking-Glasses, Tobacco, Coffee, Sugars, Teas, Rice, Allspice, Ginger, Cinnamon, Nutmegs,
AND NOTIONS GENERALLY.
In short, everything usually kept in country stores, to which he invites the attention of the public generally. The highest price will be paid for country produce in exchange for goods.
S. H. MILLER,
Arcade Buildings, Bloomsburg, Pa.

HENRY GIGER
has opened a first-class
BOOT, SHOE, HAT AND CAP STORE,
at his old stand on Main Street, Bloomsburg. His stock is composed of the very latest and best styles ever offered to the citizens of Columbia County. He can accommodate the public with the following kinds and prices:

Men's calf boots, fine	$5 00 to 9 00
" kip, double sole	3 75 to 5 75
Boys' child's boots	1 75 to 4 75
Men's glove kid, Congress, &c.	2 50 to 5 75
" " Balmoral shoes	1 90 to 3 00
Men's, women's, boys', and Misses' glove kid lasting gaiters	1 75 to 5 75
Women's glove kids, very fine	3 25 to 5 75
" fine goat morocco balmorals	2 50 to 4 00
" men's morocco and calf shoes	1 75 to 2 50
" common shoes	1 50 to 2 00
Misses' and child's shoes	0 25 to 1 60
Men's, women's, misses', boys', and child's slippers	0 25 to 1 00

He also keeps a great variety of
HATS, CAPS, AND STRAW GOODS
of every kind, at the lowest prices, both for cash and country produce.
Remember the attraction is in our goods. Don't be alarmed at the cry of high prices, but call and see for yourselves. Respectfully,
HENRY GIGER.

THE ONLY PLACE
to get the best
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
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a few doors below the American House,
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He has the largest and most select of
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO
ever offered to the citizens of Bloomsburg. All the fancy brands of
SEGARS,
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CHEWING TOBACCO,
can be had at his counters.
TOBACCO PIPES
in great variety are among his large stock.
DON'T FORGET TO CALL.
H. H. HUNSBERGER.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Please take notice that I, Ira Roadarmel, of Centreville, Columbia County, having bought the following list of property from Peter Hower, do declare that it is my intention to lend the same to the said Hower, to wit: four beds; one dozen chairs; one lot of dishes; one cupboard; one bureau; twenty yards of carpet; one cooking stove; one parlor stove; one two-horse wagon; one two-horse carriage; one double set of harness; one single set of harness; two tables; two pigs.
IRA ROADARMEL.

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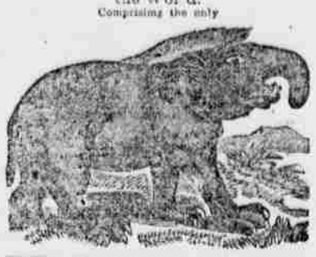
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
in large quantities and at reduced rates, always on hand.

WILL EXHIBIT AT
BLOOMSBURG, AUGUST 23, 1866,
GARDNER, HEMMINGS, & CO'S

AMERICAN CIRCUS,
—AND—
VAN AMBURGH & CO'S
MAMMOTH MENAGERIE

—AND—
EGYPTIAN CARAVAN,
The Largest Traveling Exhibition in the World.
Comprising the only

REAL MENAGERIE
In America, with the
Baby Elephant, 2 Humped Camel, Royal Bengal Tigers, and Host of Lions, Tigers, Leopards, &c., &c.
And the

BEST CIRCUS TROUPE
In America, with
Better Horses and Ponies, Better Performers and Better Clowns
Than are comprised in any similar Exhibition.
Two Performances each Day, Afternoon and Night.
Doors open at 1 and 6½ o'clock.
One Price of Admission to Both Shows.
Adults.....50 cents.
Children under ten years.....25 "
Will also exhibit in SHUCKSHINNY on Wednesday, August 22; DANVILLE, on Friday, August 24, 1866.
W. H. GARDNER, Ag't.

EVERY SATURDAY:
A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING,
SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.
Much of the best literature of the day is found in the English and Continental magazines and periodicals; and it is the aim of the publishers of this new journal to reproduce the choicest selections from these for American readers, in a form at once attractive and inexpensive. The publishers believe that such a journal, conducted upon the plan which they propose, will be not only entertaining and instructive in itself, but interesting and valuable as a reflex of foreign periodical literature of the day. It will be, in short, the aim of its publishers that Every Saturday shall commend itself by its freshness and variety to all classes of intelligent and cultivated readers. Every Saturday will contain each week thirty-two large octavo pages, handsomely printed in double columns, with an engraved title.
TERMS.—Single numbers, 10 cents; subscription price, $5 per year, in advance. Monthly parts will be issued, containing 128 pages each, handsomely bound in an attractive cover, price 50 cents. Subscription price, $5 per year, in advance. Subscribers to any of the other periodicals published by Ticknor & Fields will receive Every Saturday for $4 per year, in advance.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
TERMS.
One copy for one year, $4.00. An extra copy, gratis, for every Club of five subscribers, at $4.00 each, or six copies for $20.00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8.00.
CIRCULATION 112,000.
The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1.50 per line for less space. Average eight words to a line.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

LIFE INSURANCE.
If you wish to live long and die happy, go without delay and
INSURE YOUR LIFE
in the best Company in the world,
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
ITS CASH ASSETS ARE $15,000,000,
and its annual dividend for the fiscal year of 1865 amounts to seventy-five per cent. on all participating premiums, being the largest dividend ever declared by any company for the same length of time. For further information apply to
P. S. BISHEL, Agent,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.
In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., on Saturday, the eleventh day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, Benjamin F. Hartman, Administrator, with the will annexed, of all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits, which were of James Pugan, late of Montour Township, in said county, deceased, will expose to sale, by public vendue, on the premises, a certain piece, parcel, or tract of land, situate in Montour Township, in the County of Columbia, adjoining lands of Cadwallader Roberts on the east, William Roberts on the north, George A. Willets on the south, and Frick and Hurley on the west, containing sixty acres more or less, whereon are erected a frame dwelling-house, and barn and other outbuildings. Late the estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Montour and county aforesaid.
JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk.
Bloomsburg, July 17, 1866.
CONDITIONS OF SALE.
Ten per cent. of one fourth of purchase money to be paid on striking down of the property, one fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation nisi, and the balance in one year from confirmation nisi, with interest on said balance from confirmation nisi. Purchaser to pay for deed and stamps.
B. F. HARTMAN, Administrator.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,
Successors to Stroup & Brother,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH,
No. 24 North Wharves, and 25 North Water St.,
Philadelphia.

H. W. RANK'S
WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND
CIGAR WAREHOUSE,
No. 146 North Third Street,
between Cherry and Race, west side,
Philadelphia.

JOSEPH S. DELL,
Manufacturer of and Wholesale Dealer in
CLOTHING, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND
VESTINGS,
No. 43 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

OMNIBUS LINE.
The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an
OMNIBUS LINE
between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.
His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.
Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accomodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.
JACOB L. GHRTON, Proprietor.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County witnessed the trial of hay forks on the farm of Mr. Pursel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 7, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork manufactured by SLIFER, WALLS, SHRINER & Co., of Lewisburg, Pa., and the Rundel's Patent Hay Hook. The American Fork lifted more hay in one draught than the Rundel in three. We are satisfied it will take as much hay into the mow as two good horses can draw. We also saw it cutting hay, and think it cannot be beat as a hay knife, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and knife we have ever seen.
C. RITTENSNIDER, W. H. KOONS, JOHN DETRICK, H. DIGLEMILLER, MICHAEL HELLER, DR. F. C. HARRISON, JOHN DOAK, DANIEL NOYER, SYLVESTER PURSEL, JOHN WOLF.
They also manufacture the celebrated Buckeye Reaper and Mower, and other agricultural implements.

FORK'S HOTEL,
GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.
The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accomodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*McHenry*"), purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS &c.,
Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.
Fresh arrival of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
DAVID LOWENBERG
invites attention to his stock of
CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,
at his store on
Main Street, two doors above the American House,
Bloomsburg, Pa.,
where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of
MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
including the most fashionable, durable, and handsome
DRESS GOODS,
consisting of
BOX, SACK, FROCK, GUM, AND OIL-CLOTH
COATS AND PANTS,
of all sorts, sizes, and colors. He has also replenished his already large stock of
FALL AND WINTER SHAWLS,
STRIPED, FIGURED, AND PLAIN VESTS,
SHIRTS, CRAVATS, STOCKS, COLLARS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,
SUSPENDERS, AND FANCY ARTICLES,
He has constantly on hand a large and well-selected assortment of
CLOTHS AND VESTINGS,
which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear, and most of it is of home manufacture.
GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
of every description, fine and cheap. His case of jewelry is not surpassed in this place. Call and examine his general assortment of
CLOTHING, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.
DAVID LOWENBURG.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER,
the successors of
WILLIAM SLOAN & SON,
continue the business of making
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
and every style of
FANCY WAGONS,
which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best and employing the most experienced workmen, they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.—The undersigned has just arrived from the City with a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Dye Stuffs, Ready-Made Clothing, Perfumery, Toy and Fancy Articles, Druggist's Glassware, Brushes, Trusses and Supporters, and a general assortment of everything that belongs to a well-appointed Drug Store. Also Patent Medicines of all kinds, such as Jayne's, Ayer's, Wishart's, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Brown's Troches, Swain's Panacea, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Hoofland's Bitters constantly on hand. Also
MOROCCO LEATHER, KID, FRENCH MOROCCO, FRENCH CALFSKINS, PINK
TRIMMINGS, BINDINGS,
by the dozen or half-dozen. Also
SHOE-FINDINGS, FISHING-TACKLE, &c.
Having had a large experience in the drug business, I would respectfully invite those wishing anything in that line to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. "In medicines quality is of the first importance."
JOHN R. MOYER.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.
Owing to the late fall in gold,
EPHRAIM W. ELWELL
has reduced his prices to suit all buyers, either at wholesale or retail. If you want
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, SPICES,
CRACKERS, CANNED FRUIT, DRIED
FRUIT, WOODENWARE, FISH,
BEANS, CHEESE, FLOUR,
FEED, &c., &c. &c.,
give me a call. EPHRAIM W. ELWELL.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA
The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting (on his part) to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.
Omnibusses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CASLOW.
Bloomsburg, March 22, 1866.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL,
Catawissa, Pa.
The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY J. CLARK, and has been thoroughly remodelled, repaired, and refurnished. It will be found now, in its arrangement and appointments, a first-class Hotel, and second to none in the country. Persons in cities wishing to spend the hot months in the country, will do well to give the proprietor a call.

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.
B. H. STOHNER
has always on hand and for sale
FRESH BREAD, CAKES, AND PIES,
FRENCH AND DOMESTIC CONFECTIONS
in every style and variety,
NUTS, FRUITS,
and everything usually found in a
FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY STORE.
Having recently fitted up a new and elegant
ICE-CREAM AND EATING SALOON,
he is prepared to accomodate ladies and gentlemen in the best style.

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, PERFUMERY
AND TOILET ARTICLES.
EYER & MOYER
respectfully invite a continuance of patronage. Their Drugs and Medicines are all selected with the greatest care, avoiding as much as possible the introduction of delirious nostrums, and are purchased from the best importing houses in the country.
PATENT MEDICINES
of all kinds, including Ayer's, Jayne's, Holloway's, Hostetter's, Wishart's, Hoofland's, &c. constantly on hand.
COAL OIL AND ALCOHOL.
HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, AND
CLOTHES BRUSHES
PAINTS AND CHEMICALS
of every variety, and of the best quality.
FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.
The public may rely at all times on procuring the above articles, with all the new useful preparations kept in the best conducted establishments.
PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS
and Family Receipts compounded with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.
The subscriber, proprietor of the above-named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of
MACHINERY FOR COLLIERIES, BLAST
FURNACES, STATIONARY ENGINES,
MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c
He is also prepared to make Stoves of all sizes and patterns, Plow-irons, and everything usually made in first-class Foundries.
His extensive facilities and practical workmen warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.
Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for Castings.
This establishment is located near the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.
PETER BILLMYER.

BLOOMSBURG FANCY TRIMMING AND BOOKSTORE,
second door below Hartman's, Main Street.
Just received a new stock of
ZEPHYRS, WOOLEN AND COTTON YARNS
CORSETS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES,
MUSLIN EDGINGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS
and every variety of articles usually kept in a
FANCY STORE.
Also
SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS,
and a large lot of
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
ACCOUNT AND MEMORANDUM BOOKS,
BLANK DEEDS, BONDS AND MORTGAGES,
and a general and well-selected assortment of
PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c.
A. D. WEBB.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
Estate of William Robison, deceased.
THREE VALUABLE BUSINESS STANDS,
on Main Street, Bloomsburg, adjoining the Court House, and nearly opposite the Exchange Hotel.
TWO SMALL HOUSES AND LOTS,
on Ridge Alley, known as the "Spring Lots."
ONE HOUSE AND LOT
on Rock Street. Also
TIMBER LAND,
in Jay Township, Elk County,
ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED ACRES,
well timbered with white-pine and hemlock—good farming land. The above property will be offered at
PRIVATE SALE
until the fifteenth of August next, on which day, if not sold, it will be offered at
PUBLIC SALE,
on the premises, near the Court House, at ten o'clock A.M.
Apply to the subscribers, or to Miss ISABELLA ROBISON, Bloomsburg.
ALEX. ROBISON, Mauch Chunk, } Ex'rs.
A. PARDEE, Hazleton, }

STOVES AND TINWARE.
A. M. RUPERT
announces to his friends and customers that continues the above business at his old place on
MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG.
Customers can be accomodated with
FANCY STOVES
of all kinds, Stovepipes, Tinware, and every variety of article found in a Stove and Tinware Establishment in the cities, and on the most reasonable terms. Repairing done at the shortest notice
25 DOZEN MILK-PANS
on hand for sale.

EAGLE FOUNDRY.
JOSEPH SHARPLESS,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
STOVES OF EVERY VARIETY,
PLOUGHSHARES, PLOUGH POINTS,
and all kinds of Castings, on hand or supplied on the shortest notice and at the cheapest rates. Castings for
COAL BREAKERS AND COAL SCREENS
made to order.

THE GLOVE.

BY A. M. B.

Since you have asked, I needs must tell the history
Of how I gained you pearly little glove:
Alas! it is the key to no soft mystery,
Nor guage of tourney in the lists of love.

'Twas thus I found it—through the city's bustle
I wandered one still Autumn eve, alone:
A tall, slight form brushed by with silken rustle,
And passed into a carriage, and was gone.

One glance I had, in that I caught the gleaming
Of violet eyes, o'er which the rippling tress
Glanced gold—a face like those we see in dreaming,
As perfect in its shadowy loveliness.

And so she passed, a glorious light about her,
Clothed, like a Summer dawn, in silver-gray,
And left the crowded streets as dark without her
As Winter skies whose moon has passed away.

This little gauntlet which her hand was clasping,
Fell from her as she reached the carriage door,
And floated down, as flutters from the aspen
Some trembling leaflet whose brief day is o'er.

And I—I found it on the pavement lying,
Pale as the marble Venus' missing hand,
Or some small flake of foam which Ocean, flying,
Leaves in a furrow of the moistened sand.

She was so like some queen of the ideal—
With that bright bow, those soft eyes' shadowy gleam—
I fain would keep this pledge to prove her real,
To mark her difference from an airy dream.

And though her glove has unto me been donor
Of much sweet thought, yet I can think it well
That she should know as little of its owner
As I of her from whose fair hand it fell.

Why should I drag her from her high position,
Her niche above this work-day world's long reach?
Hardly a fact, nor wholly yet a vision,
She joins for me the better part of each.

AGRICULTURAL.

Report of Commissioner Newton.

THE following interesting information relative to the condition of the crops is taken from the advance sheets of the July Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture: The Commissioner congratulates the country upon the prospect of a year of average fruitfulness. Wheat, the bread crop of the country, was, in 1865, less in quantity and quality than that of 1864.

The greater portion of the seed used last Autumn was of inferior quality, producing plants of low vitality; the Winter following was in most districts variable, freezing and thawing, with but little snow and much moisture; and to add to the chances against the life of the plants, the Spring was cold, with frequent and severe freezing. This was the case particularly in the Ohio Valley, and to some extent throughout the country east of the Mississippi. But the States west of that river promise an unusually abundant crop of superior quality. The fine weather of the later Spring and early Summer has wonderfully developed the remaining grain of the injured districts.

There has been an unusual exemption from ravages of insect tribes; neither rust nor storms have done it material injury; and if it escapes sprouting from wet weather, the promise is of a crop nearly as large as last year, and far better in quality. The present indications, as marked by correspondents, point to an average of about eight and a half tenths in quantity, and of a quality that will make it equal in value to last year's crop.

The testimony from all quarters renders it certain that the quality will be excellent. In Jersey County, Illinois, the grain is unusually fine and large, and will compare favorably with the grain of 1861. A correspondent in a blighted district, who calculates upon half a crop in his county, acknowledges that its quality is superior, and admits that there will be a sufficiency for seed and bread for the home population, with ordinary prices, but that, under the stimulus of extra high prices, there will be some to send abroad. This superior excellence will not only go far to make up the difference in quantity between the crop of this year and that of 1865 (which difference is far less than was expected on the first of June), but it will, it is believed, make even more good bread and prove of greater value than the crop of last year. Besides, there has been a saving in consumption, which will help to swell the prospective supply. The poor quality of last year's wheat, and the high price of flour, in connection with the superior quality of last year's corn, has had its legitimate effect in causing a largely-increased use of corn-bread, which has been for three years past in certain districts almost entirely unknown, wheat having been actually cheaper than corn.

The Winter barley crop is in very nearly the same condition as the wheat. Taken together, the average of the Fall-sown will reach nearly nine tenths, and the Spring-sown exceeds an average by nearly a tenth.

The crop of oats has been unusually good, almost beyond precedent. In no State will there be less than an average crop, and in one at least (Kansas) the returns give promise of twenty-five per cent. more than an average. Rarely is the country, in its length and breadth, blessed with a crop so uniformly liberal in its yield, and of such excellent quality. A remarkable exemption from disease is apparent, though a correspondent in Greene County, Kentucky, writes that there is but an ordinary crop, quite low, with occasionally an appearance of rust.

The condition of pastures is generally above the average. Kansas and Nebraska are more than two tenths above Minnesota; Iowa and Missouri from one to two tenths above; Michigan and Wisconsin, between ten and eleven tenths; Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, and Ohio, an average; the other States slightly below.

Clover suffered by Winter-killing, except in the trans-Mississippi States. The loss varies from one to four tenths, as will be disclosed by an examination of the tables. A correspondent from Outagamie County, Wisconsin, says that the small white clover, the greatest dependence for milch cows, is entirely gone. The month of May was the driest and coldest ever known.

With the exception of Maine and New Hampshire, every State reports a greater breadth of corn than usual. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Kansas, and West Virginia have each increased their average about ten per cent. Iowa has nearly as great an increase. In several of the States the condition of the crops is an average. In most of them, however, as the tables indicate, the cool weather of the Spring gave the crop a bad start, from which it had not fully recovered up to the first week in July.

It is generally reported low in altitude owing to the cold Spring, but in vigorous condition, and a deep green color. There is yet ample time, with favorable conditions, to mature a productive yield of fine quality, in which case the extra breadth planted would give a very large crop. It is too early in the season to arrive at definite estimates.

A somewhat diminished acreage of sorghum is indicated. Little is grown in the Eastern States, but that little is increased this season. A material increase in New York is shown; but New Jersey and Maryland report a slight decrease. The sorghum-growing States, Indiana and Illinois, show a considerable diminution; so also do Wisconsin and Minnesota. The season thus far has not been very propitious for sorghum, and the reports represent the average condition about one tenth below the standard of ordinary excellence.

Some portions of the State of Kentucky are not yet supplied with manufacturing machinery. In Graves County not half as much was sown this Spring last year, when quantities of it were destroyed by the frost for the lack of manufacturing apparatus. The people have nothing but the ordinary wooden mills.

There is nearly an average breadth of flax this season. In condition it is ten tenths in most of the States, though in some of the flax-growing States of the West it is slightly under an average.

In every State there were more potatoes planted than usual. In Ohio fifteen per cent. more; in Kentucky, twenty per cent.; in Missouri, twenty-five per cent.; in Kansas, thirty per cent. In condition, no States except Illinois and Minnesota are reported at less than ten tenths; and in these States the increased average indicates a prospect for a full averege crop.

Very nearly an average acreage of beans is reported in slightly better than average condition.

The fruit crop promises to be quite small, and it is believed that the peach crop will be limited in the Eastern States, though the reports from the West are more encouraging.

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

Little Mary.

LITTLE MARY has gone home. Earth with all its flowers and sunlight and starlight, its glorious sky and winding rivers, was not bright enough for her. The angels loved her with a better than earthly love. The Father gathered her among His little lambs that ply by the still waters, in the green pastures.

Her eyes were very blue, and her hair was very golden. As the buttercups spring up thickly in the green, green fields, so friends gathered about little Mary. They praised her fair face, and said that never a garden gave such show of crimson as her cheeks. But gentle friends—and love, and every earthly beautiful thing could not keep little Mary from her native heaven.

Farewell, little Mary. Your chair with its wee arms sits in its accustomed corner. Your little slippers and your pretty frocks lie folded sacredly away. And still the round stocking moulds to the arched instep. Still the white robe falls full as it last fell over the rarely sculptured limbs. Your books are on their oaken shelf, and whosoever's eye glances that way, some trembling voice says, "They were little Mary's." There is a picture hangs against the parlor wall—it is little Mary. There is a tiny chamber that is seldom opened, save by a pale woman with blue eyes, who goes there to weep—it was little Mary's. There is a milk-white kitten who gambols in the sun with a cherry ribbon tied on her neck—but the dimpled fingers that fastened it there are dust. A fairy tea-set stands in the wide closet—it was little Mary's.

Dear heart—how everything seems blended with memories of her! Wherever the sunlight arches over the reach of a little child's hand in the olden home Mary's fingers have moved.

Wherever it has woven tendrils of gold through the empty rooms, over the pleasant garden—along the river bank—Mary's feet have hallowed every spot. Wherever it has let down its golden arrows in the old orchard to mellow the heart of the apple, her graceful limbs have swayed like leaves set dancing by the Summer winds.

And sometimes, of a starry hour, when the fire-flies light their lamps on Mary's little grave—sometimes in the young moonlight, when the shadows flicker like a spent flame, and the heart of evening beats so softly that the birds sleep over its pulse, something bright gathers in the gloom and takes the shape of a little child's face.

That face with its wondrous eyes—its wavy clouds of amber curls rippling to every arch motion—with its ruby lips and glowing cheeks—its eager love-glances—its coy blushes—its titful laugh half shrouded in tears—its pure Heaven-like brow—that face is little Mary's.

"Angel—she is singing
Where is no more night."

Like the Angels.

"WHY! you would have us like the angels?" exclaimed a young girl with whom a friend had been talking.

Truly would we have woman like the angels. And why not? Is it any harm to be like an angel? We read that they are very beautiful—full of love, truth, purity—compassionate, sinless. Are these forbidding traits? Angels slander not each other. They have no circles in their glorious home where character, like a worn-out garment, is picked to pieces. Angels never wreathe the face with smiles when envy is gnawing the very heart-strings in twain. Angels never rejoice over the downfall of another. Angels lure not with the eye, and then coldly cast off with the lip. Angels suffer no passion to paint the brow, dark with discontent and hatred.

Would you not wish, eventually, to become angels? Or does this thought never enter with the multitude that cross the mind's threshold? Why not prepare, then, for this high destination? Why not discipline the soul till it grow lofty with sublime thoughts, and beautiful in good deeds? Cultivate your affections, be pure in motive, gentle in spirit. Banish forever deception, evil speaking, inordinate love of pleasure! Why not become, as near as you may be, angels on earth? Ah! young ladies, believe us when we tell you there is no harm in striving to be like the angels.

THE HEART.

THE heart is the first organ that makes its appearance in the animal organism. The first trace of it is discovered about the end of the third week of embryonic life, when it presents itself a red spot—a mere central point as it were—from which sundry yellow filaments are seen shooting forth. This is the germ of that "fearfully made" instrument, the human heart, accompanied by its principal blood-vessels. "This organ," says Galen, "is the root of all the entrails and members of the body, and the very fountain of life, and all innate and vital heat." The heart, according to the peripatetic philosophers, is in a human body, as the first intelligence in the universe and as a kind of monarch in its own little world. The substance of this muscular structure—for such it is emphatically—is very compact and strong, in order that it may be able to resist the tremendous strain destined to be put upon it, especially by imprudent people, and the better to preserve the vital heat, and the spirit which, as another quaint writer remarks, "would soon breathe out and vanish away from it, were it of greater rarity and softness."

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE soul goes highest when the body kneels lowest.

BENEFITS grow old, but injuries are long livers."

HE that avoideth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater.

JONES says he loves two charming girls—Jenny Rosity and Annie Mation.

WE should labor, not only to get a living out of the world, but, to help the world to live.

A FRIEND complaining of the "infernel revenue system" says he can't put his boots on without a stamp.

QUITE a poetical child was the little one that said, "Mother, listen to the wind making music for the leaves to dance."

A WAG on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping expressed surprise, as he thought the business sooted him.

"I CAN'T bear children," said an old maid to Mrs. Partington. The old lady replied: "Perhaps if you could you would like 'em better."

AN exchange says, that "in the absence of both editors, the publisher had succeeded in securing the services of a *gentleman* to edit the paper that week."

BY the latest from Paris we learn that the long streaming ribbons that ladies wear on their bonnets and necks are called "Follow me home, sirs."

"DO you know who I am?" said an officer to a fellow whom he had by the collar. "Not exactly, sir," the fellow replied, "but I think you must be the malignant collarer."

HOW many a man, by throwing himself on the ground in despair, crushes and destroys forever a thousand flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden all his pathway.

MRS. PARTINGTON says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers bile the water on shore. In her opinion all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board.

IT is said that the British Government, as a measure against Fenianism, intend to abolish the use of the shillelah in Ireland, as its use is considered dangerous to the security of the Crown.

A MAN being asked at a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, took his hat off and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it had been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

THERE is something exquisite in our countryman's reply to the European traveller, when he asked him whether he had just crossed the Alps, "Wal, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground."

THE editor of an Eastern paper says: "We have adopted the eight hour system in this office. We commence at eight o'clock in the morning and close at eight in the evening." A model method.

THE proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave "Success to forgery."

"JAKE, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?" asked a father of his son. "No, father, you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it would rain soon, I laid up the umbrella."

LADY CARTERET, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, remarked on one occasion to Dean Swift, "The air in Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England, for if you do they will certainly tax it."

"I SUPPOSE," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient who had reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice; "I suppose you think me a bit of a humbug?" "Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware until now that you could so readily discover a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

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From and after October 2, 1865, the trains will pass Hupert as follows:
GOING NORTH.—Elmira Mail at 4 P.M.; Erie Express at 2.18 A.M.
GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 4 P.M.
GEORGE WEBB, Supt.

LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD.
On and after March 11, 1866, Passenger Trains will run as follows:
SOUTHWARD.—Leave Scranton at 4.00 P.M. and 5.30 A.M.; Kingston at 6 P.M. and 6.55 A.M.; Bloomsburg at 8.20 P.M. and 9.20 A.M. Arrive at Northumberland at 8.50 P.M. and 10.35 A.M.
NORTHWARD.—Leave Northumberland at 7 A.M. and 5 P.M.; Bloomsburg at 8.25 A.M. and 6.25 P.M.; Scranton at 11.05 A.M. and 9 P.M. Arrive at Scranton at 12.40 A.M. and 10.40 P.M.
H. A. FONDA, Supt.
Kingston, March 15, 1866.

GREAT PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE to the NORTH AND WEST.
FOUR DAILY TRAINS.
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	Leave Wash'n.	Leave Balto.
Express Mail	6.20 A.M.	9.00 A.M.
Fast Line	7.30 A.M.	12.00 P.M.
Pittsburg and Erie Ex.	4.30 P.M.	7.20 P.M.
Pittsburg and Elmira Ex.	7.10 P.M.	9.45 P.M.

TWO TRAINS ON SUNDAY,
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Leave Washington at 2.45 and 7.10 P.M.
SLEEPING CARS ON ALL NIGHT TRAINS,
LOW FARE AND QUICK TIME.
Cars run through from Baltimore to Pittsburg, Erie, or Elmira without change.
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Time of Passenger Trains at Northumberland:
LEAVE EASTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 11.25 P.M.; Erie Express Train, 8.25 A.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 10.25 A.M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 3 A.M.; Erie Express Train, 7.11 P.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 4.55 P.M.
Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both WAYS between Philadelphia and Erie.
NEW YORK CONNECTION.—Leave New York at 9 A.M., arrives at Erie at 9.35 A.M.; Leave Erie at 7.55 P.M., arrive at New York at 8.40 P.M.
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H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
H. W. GWYNNE,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
A. L. TYLER,
General Superintendent, Williamsport.
March 22, 1866.

READING RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,
April 23, 1866.
Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 4.45, 9.00, and 10.00 A.M., and 2 and 9.30 P.M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 8.40 and 10 A.M., and 3.30 and 10.35 P.M. Sleeping Cars accompany the 3 A.M. and 9.30 P.M. trains, without change.
Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 7.30 A.M., and 2 and 9.30 P.M., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way stations, the 9.30 P.M. train landing its cars connections for Pottsville or Philadelphia. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven, and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 4.45 P.M.
Returning, leave New York at 9 A.M., 12 M., and 6.30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8.30 A.M., 12 M., and 4.30 P.M.; Pottsville at 8.30 A.M. and 2.45 P.M.; Ashland at 6 and 11.15 A.M., and 1.05 P.M.; Tamaqua at 9.35 A.M. and 5.05 P.M.
Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, at 7 A.M.
Reading Accomodation Train leaves Reading at 6 A.M., returning from Philadelphia at 5 P.M.
Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 12.30 and 6.15 P.M. for Ephrata, Lititz, Columbia, &c., &c.
On Sundays leave New York at 5.30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 5.15 P.M.; the 8 A.M. train making only to Reading; Pottsville at 8 A.M.; Tamaqua at 7.30 A.M.; Harrisburg at 12.05 P.M.; and Reading at 4.30 A.M. for Harrisburg, and 10.52 A.M. for New York, and 4.25 P.M. for Philadelphia.
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H. A. NICOLL, Gen. Supt.
Reading, Pa., April 23, 1866.

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